

The Critic

NUMBER 45
VOLUME XIX } THIRTEENTH YEAR

NEW YORK, MAY 6, 1893.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

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The Critic

Published Weekly at 743 Broadway, New York, by The Critic Co.

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1893

Literature

A Columbus Epic

Chronicles of Christopher Columbus: in Twelve Cantos. By Margaret Dixon. New Edition, revised by the Authoress for the Fourth Centenary of the Discovery of America by Columbus. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

POEMS, LIKE MEN, have their opportunities. To the fact that Mrs. Dixon's "Chronicles of Christopher Columbus" appeared at an inopportune moment, eleven years ago, when there was nothing to awaken an interest in its subject, may doubtless be ascribed, in part at least, its failure to win the general recognition which its merits deserved. Something also must evidently be ascribed to the reluctance of the author to employ the usual and permissible arts by which a literary work is brought into notice. The shyness of an extremely modest self-estimate is shown in her dedicatory sonnet addressed to the Rev. John Hamilton Thorn, her pastor, and in her too brief preface, in both of which her leading idea appears to be to renounce all claim to any praise which her poem might deserve, in favor of those whose teachings and writings had inspired it. There is, of course, all the more reason why the public, especially in this country and at the present time, should be made aware of the excellence of her production.

By way of introduction it should be mentioned that the author has followed the career of her hero from his childhood, to his death-bed, portraying the chief incidents in a series of vivid pictures, exhibiting remarkable imaginative and descriptive powers. The poem is mostly in blank-verse, of the usual heroic metre, recalling in different parts both Tennyson and Wordsworth, but without any appearance of direct imitation. If none of the poetic flights rise so high as those of the "Idyls," it may fairly be affirmed that none of the narrative passages sink to the prosaic level of some parts of the "Excursion." Interspersed through the earlier cantos, which describe the hero's boyhood, his youthful adventures, and the first voyage of discovery, some charming lyrics, full of melody and grace, are happily introduced. Our selections, however, must be limited to the blank-verse. Among the best evidences of the mastery which the poem presents of this difficult vehicle of narration is the account of the discoverer's reception by the people and his sovereigns at Barcelona on his return from his first voyage. Only the more striking portions of this can here be quoted.

"In the first days of April her streets were thronged
With eager watchers, silence on her piers,
No voice among her ships; for through the plain
Slow winds a strange procession to her gates;
And not a man remains at any toil,
And not an infant in the quiet house.
The mothers bring their babes to door or roof,
The children slip away to join the crowd
And be amongst the first to see and shout.
Ladies of all degrees in gorgeous show
Crowd balcony and house-top; banners wave,
Flowers thickly woven swing across the streets,
And lie in heaps for casting on the way."

The going forth of the noble young cavaliers with their warlike followers of horse and foot, glorious with "banners and glittering arms," to meet the advancing company of Columbus, is then picturesquely described; on which follows the return of the united procession:—

"Slow to the walls, beneath the hazy sun,
Across the flowery valley they have come,
And entering through the gateway of the fort
By heavy turrets flanked, wind through the streets,
Between the low red houses. As they pass
Flowers are cast down in showers before their feet,
The silence changes into frantic cries.

First came the soldiers tramping to the sound
Of warlike music—trumpet, drum and horn;
A troop of horsemen next in shining steel;
And then, upborne for every eye to see,
The scaly lizard, and the turtle's shell,
Bright feathered birds set standing as in life;
Others alive, glancing from side to side,
Silent and fearful. Trays of musky pods;
The purple cacao-beans, and brown-skinned yams;
Bananas dried; the huge brown cocoa-nut,
Its fibrous husk and milk-white flesh displayed;
Maize, set like pearls upon a sceptre's head,
Yellow as amber in its rustling sheaths;
Red capsicums, and balls of cotton thread,
And soft white cotton bursting from dark husks;
Blocks of rare minerals and of curious woods;
Large pearly shells that gleamed with rainbow lights;
Cups filled with gold-dust, knots of golden ore;
Gold coronet, or band for neck and arm."

On the appearance of the tawny and painted Indians the clamorous shouting of the populace ceases in wonder and breathless awe:—

"A silent awe, that sudden changed to cries
Of rapturous rejoicing when appeared
The reverend white head, the stately form,
The weather-beaten face both grave and glad,
Of Christopher Columbus, as he rode,
Proudly escorted by the youthful lords,
Into the square before the royal hall
Where waited the two sovereigns."

There is a brilliant picture of the "vast royal chamber" in which Ferdinand and Isabella, seated on their thrones, and surrounded by their splendid court, listened to the gradually swelling tumult outside, which announced the approach of their then most popular and thenceforth most famous subject:—

"Then flew the doors wide open, and came in
Before all else Columbus, Admiral;
Then the proud nobles who attended him,
And after them the Indians, and then slaves
Carrying his various treasures on their heads.
Up the long room, simple and proud he came,
The sense of his achievement in his gait.
His head uncovered, and upon his face
The serious smile which those who loved him loved.
On such an errand coming, he appeared
As one of the world's fathers, Adam or Noah,
As one for whom the world was first create,
Who had beheld the glory of its dawn.
The sovereigns rose, and when he would have knelt,
Queen Isabella, stretching out her hand,
Forbade such humbleness from one so great,
Saying:—'Most welcome are you, Admiral;
Greater our joy to see you here again
Than even for the news of a New World
Which you have brought us.' But he willingly knelt,
Kissing their hands with joy. They raised him up
And made him sit beside them on the dais—
An honor beyond honors; all the court
Pressed round to hear him speak. * * *

And then eagerly
As a glad schoolboy at his mother's side,
And gravely as some prophet in old times,
Through many hours he told his passionate tale,
And ended thus:—'These gentle savages,
Simple and childlike, I have not baptized,
But brought them, madam, in their harmless faith
For your good pleasure, first-fruits from your hand
Of the great harvest waiting; white the field,
The laborers only wanting. As I came
Up the long valley of the Guadalquivir
And saw but eighty cities where of old

So many hundreds flourished, I rejoiced
That your new kingdoms should receive from you
Cities, not lose them,—should be won for you
Clean of all bloodshed. Not as conqueror
Shall I go out again at your command,
But as a father to his waiting home.
And more than I have yet done will I do;
I will find yet new countries, nor desist
Till Christ fill all the world from sea to sea."

We should be glad to quote the pathetic narrative of the hero's death; but our limits forbid. We can only add the solemn lines which conclude the poem. If they bring to mind, not inappropriately, the grand inscription of Tennyson on the cenotaph of Sir John Franklin, no one will think the less of them on that account:—

"More than he sought he had attained, for God
Gave to his patient courage, to his faith,
Lofty and reasonable, such reward
As comes but once in history. Meanwhile he
Had gone on that long voyage that all men take,
And, without help or comrade, had again
By unknown waters entered a New World."

Pierce's Life of Sumner

Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner. By Edward L. Pierce. Vols. III. and IV. \$6. Roberts Bros.

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE first order are rare. There are millions of more or less poorly told stories of the lives of persons worthy or unworthy of remembrance. Yet as one looks along the rows of books in a literary junk-shop, labelled with prices which can be easily expressed in nickel, copper and brass, he is struck with the tendency of the human animal to remember the individuals of his species. Many of these biographies, so-called, are the offspring of vanity or sentimentalism that has no direct relation to the improvement of the race or the delight and nourishment of the mind. Others, again, are both useful, beautiful, inspiring and helpful. If the biographer cannot be a Plutarch and eloquently set forth in a few luminous lines and points a brilliantly dramatic story palpitating with human interest, he may yet reach very near the line of first things if he but give us a fairly true picture of the man as he was, and, indeed, as we may say of some, as he is.

Charles Sumner was a grand and lofty figure in American history. Though buried many years ago, the force of his life is yet unspent, and Massachusetts and the nation are yet shaped by his burning life and words. After his death the question was, who should write his biography. Longfellow the poet was first asked. Failing physical power compelled him to decline the congenial task. Then he and Sumner's two literary executors, Messrs. Balch and Pierce, united in inviting successively Motley, Whittier, Dana and Curtis to tell the story. Failing health compelled the three former to decline, while Curtis was already overloaded with work. Finally, necessity was laid upon Mr. Pierce, and with a sacrifice of time, with minute and patient labor extended through many years, with a well-stored memory and the resources springing from personal relations to Sumner, almost as close as were those of Boswell to Johnson, and with a devotion to the task that must be called nothing less than consecration, Mr. Pierce began, continued, and has finished the work. His passion for accuracy manifests itself on every page. To say that he read four thousand letters written by Sumner and that he survived the task is to give only one suggestion of his industry. In newspaper offices, libraries and other literary storehouses, whose custodians have long been familiar with the person of Mr. Pierce, with his much-corrected proofs and manuscripts, he has been one of the marked figures of Boston, and frequently in other cities.

While as a whole we cannot say that this great work flames and pulses like a page of Plutarch, the marvellous fullness and glowing enthusiasm make amends for deficiencies which students of ideal biographies may see; and while the reader

is borne along on the current of the narrative, the student has, on almost every page, in the footnotes, great masses of reference, verification and hints directing him to the abundant literature of the stirring period in which Sumner lived. The book is well-equipped with what goes to make up a standard work. There are two excellent portraits, the diagram of the United States Senate Hall, abundant notes on art-memorials and photographs, an appendix, treating chiefly of the rejected treaty for St. Thomas and a vindication of Sumner's fidelity, and a capital index. In mechanical dress, the book stands in handsome print, easy to the eye; it is on good paper, and is well-bound.

The narrative opens with a most engaging sketch of society as it was in Boston from 1845 to 1860, picturing the intellectual and commercial phases of the solid men; it shows Sumner as a man with opinions that were branded as radical, living, moving and manifesting himself as a strong force among a thoroughly conservative people. The literary and philanthropic features in him were strongly marked. He soon became a favorite as orator before colleges and lyceums. He was active in reforms and made many friends. Even on that subject which to-day repels so many good people—Prison Reform,—showing how slow Christians are to carry Christianity to those who are, like dead men, out of mind, Sumner was active, and in one sense a pioneer. He took eager interest and a large personal share in the great Prison Discipline debates in Tremont Temple. Then followed the stirring events of the annexation of Texas, the Mexican War, the rights of the Free Soil party and the Compromise measures of 1850. Sumner was chosen Senator, and came into Congress during the days when the Americans were welcoming Kossuth and were agitated over the Fugitive Slave Law. The four chapters which describe his work in the Senate, up to the time of the Brooks assault, are masterpieces of accurate description, brilliant with the color of the time, but, throughout, dominated by the towering personality of the hero, whom Mr. Pierce makes all the greater to us because of the masses of detail so skilfully arranged. He shows, and we think almost to demonstration, that "Bully Brooks" was less an individual responsible only to himself than the direct instrument of a conspiracy. One chapter describes the search for health in Europe and the disability following the cruel beating. The picture of the patient refusing anesthetics and suffering the torture of the burning moxa is a moving one. This method of healing nervous disorders is one which is now considered too cruel for Occidental humanity, though it is an everyday affair in Chinese Asia. Nevertheless, Sumner was saved, "yet so as by fire." His health was restored, and he again entered the Senate to set forth the barbarism of slavery. The chapters describing his work during the war show his qualities and habits as a Senator. His wide European correspondence proves that probably until his death he was the American best known to the statesmen of Europe. The matters of his marriage, his private unhappiness and his divorce are passed over lightly, and, as it were, only mentioned under the stress of necessity. The painful quarrel between Grant and Sumner is fully set forth, and though we confess it to be very disagreeable reading, it is indispensable to history. Mr. Pierce shows clearly that Sumner was both officially and popularly honored and beloved in his own native State, though he does not, probably he cannot, show that he was personally beloved by the American people in general. Some of his very last hours were spent in revising the book entitled "Prophetic Voices Concerning America." Most of it was in type and the proof read when, in March, 1874, the work was arrested by his final illness. In the intervals of full consciousness, which were infrequent and brief, during the stupor produced by narcotics given to deaden his awful pain, disconnected expressions came from the sufferer among which "My book, my unfinished book" were distinguished.

Of Sumner, Henry Ward Beecher, in *The Christian Union*, wrote:—"It is not too much to say that in the death of Charles Sumner the nation has lost a statesman of a type in

which he had no peer." Certainly we could wish that in this year of grace, 1893, there were more like him.

Littledale's "Tennyson's Idylls of the King"

Essays on Lord Tennyson's Idylls of the King. By Harold Littledale. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.

MR. LITLEDALE'S book is a valuable addition to the somewhat scanty literature of the "Idylls," which have received less attention from editors and commentators than "In Memoriam," "The Princess," and other of the Laureate's longer poems. It is an interesting fact, and one which, as the author remarks in his preface, illustrates the extent of Tennyson's fame, that these essays were written as the basis of a course of lectures to an audience composed of undergraduates in an Indian college. They are now printed for the use of English and American no less than Asiatic students of the poet.

In the opening chapters the Arthurian legend is traced from its origin in the sixth century, when the real Arthur lived—if, as seems probable on the whole, he was a historical character,—down through early British and Breton stories in which myth and legend began to gather about his name, to Geoffrey of Monmouth and Walter Map in the twelfth century, and on to Malory's "Morte Darthur," printed by Caxton in 1485, which was the immediate source of the "Idylls," with the exception of small portions drawn from the Welsh "Mabinogion."

In earlier days the story of Arthur had become popular with poets and romancers on the Continent, not only in Brittany, as already intimated, but in other parts of France, as in Spain, Italy, and Germany, where Wagner has merely revived tales of Percival, Tristram, and the rest, which were familiar in his country centuries before. Neither was Tennyson the first since the time of Malory to use these legends in English. They were dramatized in England in the latter part of the sixteenth century, were wrought into the "Faerie Queene" by Spenser, and would have been made the theme of an epic by Milton if he could have satisfied himself that Arthur was a veritable British King. Blackmore's "Prince Arthur" and "King Arthur," published about the end of the seventeenth century, ran through several editions—a success apparently due rather to the interest of the subject than their poetical merit, which was of the slightest. Their author is now better known from being damned in the "Dunciad" than by his long-drawn and weary epics. Later Scott and Wordsworth touched upon these heroic themes, and since Tennyson took them up, Matthew Arnold, William Morris and Swinburne have made excursions in the same attractive field.

After the historical introduction, and a chapter on "Some Arthurian Characters and Localities," and another on Tennyson's prologue and epilogue to the "Idylls," the twelve "books" of the work are discussed in as many successive chapters. An outline of each story is given, with critical comments of a general sort, followed by brief notes on obscure allusions and other points likely to be perplexing to the average reader or student. These notes are generally apt and accurate, but now and then are open to criticism. On page 73, for instance, we are told that "Leodegran's ornithology is open to question when he says that 'the swallow and the swift are near akin.'" An ornithologist might object to the "near" in a scientific description; but the swallows and the swifts are groups of the same family, and in some parts of England the common swift is popularly known as the "black swallow." Tennyson was probably as familiar with the strict classification of the birds as Mr. Littledale, who himself (p. 98) pays the following tribute to the poet's knowledge in that line:—

"The comparison between the pool gleaming red in the twilight, and the eye of an eagle-owl, burning round and bright in the darkness, may have the fault of being too uncommon to really illustrate the description, but it is a simile that an ornithologist can appreciate. Indeed, a book might

be written on the bird-lore of Tennyson, as has been well done by Mr. Harting in the case of Shakespeare."

But again (p. 129) our critic finds fault with the poet for the line "A thousand pips eat up your sparrow-hawk!" He says that "the disease called the *pip*, which attacks young fowls, seems to be confused with another disease called *gapes*." The former is due to "mucous accumulations" on the tongue; the latter is caused by small worms that attack the windpipe. Mr. Littledale adds:—"As pips are not insects, they cannot eat up sparrow-hawks. Gareth and Leodegran are learned neither in the diseases of chickens nor in the affinities of swifts and swallows." But we doubt whether *eat* is used literally by the poet; and *thousand* may be merely intensive. The meaning is apparently, May the worst kind of pip destroy your sparrow-hawk!

In the words, "magnet-like she drew the rustiest iron of old fighters' hearts," Mr. Littledale sees "a suggestion of Sindbad's magnet-mountain"; but why assume that the attractive maid is compared to the mountain? Is not the idea of magnetism sufficient?

In a note on "The Last Tournament" (p. 261) the commentator also appears to see more in a passage than the poet had in mind. He says:—"Dagonet's standing still while Tristram twangs his harp is doubtless meant to recall St. Matthew xi. 17: 'We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced,' etc." It may or may not recall that passage to the mind of the reader, but there is nothing in the passage or the context to indicate that it was "meant" to recall it.

But, as we have said, these lapses in annotation occur only here and there, and do not detract materially from the value of the book as a trustworthy guide in the interpretation of the "Idylls," alike for educational use and as a manual of reference for the general reader.

"The History and Theory of Money"

By Sidney Sherwood. \$2. J. B. Lippincott Co.

THIS BOOK comprises a series of lectures delivered at Philadelphia in 1892 under the auspices of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, the course being largely attended and patronized by the bankers of the city. The lectures were twelve in number, and were delivered weekly, the hearers being more or less occupied in the intervals between the lectures with reading books on the subject of money and with the preparation of essays on themes proposed by the lecturer. The lectures are not so deep and exhaustive as we might have expected in a series of addresses to financial men, but they treat nearly all important aspects of the subject they deal with, and give evidence of clear thinking and careful study. They are largely historical in character, half of them being expressly so, and the others containing more historical matter than we should think advisable. However, theoretical exposition is by no means overlooked, and in the discussions that followed each lecture many points were brought out which were but slightly treated, or not at all, in the lectures themselves.

The opening lecture is on the general character and function of money and its importance as an agency of civilization; and this is followed by others on the subject of coinage in various countries, and by a brief history of the precious metals from the earliest times. Then comes a discussion of credit and banking, with a history of banknotes and other kinds of paper money with special attention to the experience of the United States. The remaining lectures are more theoretical, dealing with the value and distribution of money, the principles involved in paper money, the question of bimetalism and other aspects of the complex subject, and closing with a discussion of monetary panics. Mr. Sherwood's attitude towards the various disputed questions is eminently judicious and free from bias, and his style is simpler and better adapted for popular reading than that of some writers on similar themes, so that his lectures are well-fitted to be an introduction to financial science.

The most interesting part of the book, however, is the discussions that followed each lecture, and were participated in

by Mr. Sherwood himself and by several acute thinkers and practical men in the audience, some of whom had evidently made a thorough study of the subject of money in all its phases, and were prepared to meet the lecturer on his own ground. There was also in the audience a lady of socialistic leanings, who added spice to the debate, though she cannot be said to have added much else. Some of the discussions would hardly be understood by a beginner in the study; but for those already having some knowledge of economics the reading of this book can scarcely fail to be both instructive and entertaining. At the close of the volume is given an abstract of the lectures, which will be useful for review and for reference, and also a list of the most important treatises on the subject of money, with suggestions as to the mode of using them. If all the university-extension courses can be made as good as this one, they can hardly fail to be useful.

"God's Fool"

By Maarten Maartens. \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.

THERE WILL BE some difference of opinion as to whether Mr. Maarten Maartens's new book is, or is not, equal to his first. "The Sin of Joost Avelingh," notwithstanding that its hero and its theme made but a slight appeal to popular sympathies, was at once received as a remarkable work, and quickly attained a certain popularity, owing, we believe, to the charm of a new, but apparently mature, style. There are indications in the present story, "God's Fool," that Mr. Maartens does not consider his education to be finished. He has evidently been reading Mr. Kipling, and he pays that gentleman the compliment—the greatest that has yet been paid him—of borrowing some of his tricks of expression. It is to be regretted, we think; for Maartens, at his best, wields a style which is to Kipling's as steel is to iron, or as a rapier is to a poker. Another fault is that the author assumes a certain apathy on the reader's part, and does not hesitate to lecture him. Now, an author writes for—he doesn't know whom; and he should not charge his readers with any failings that are not common to all humanity. When Baudelaire lashes his "hypocrite lecteur" he is in the right; for we are, all of us, more or less, hypocrites, and he acknowledges himself to be the same. But we are not all dullards. It was but natural that a toughened and roughened world should pooh-pooh Joost Avelingh's scruples of conscience; but Elias Lossell is almost his antipodes. Even those who failed to "see anything in" the former book may comprehend and be pleased with the present.

"God's Fool" is in this respect, at least, a great advance on its forerunner, that it has a hero in whom we can become deeply interested. Elias Lossell loses sight and hearing and most of his mental force at an early age, in consequence of an injury inflicted on him by his brother. He becomes almost an imbecile, but, to avoid legal embarrassments, his brothers refuse to call for an administrator and keep him nominally at the head of their business. His notions of life are rather inadequate than essentially unreasonable. Through his emotions he comes to acquire confused, but in the main correct, ideas of right and wrong. His feelings and what he understands of Christianity lead him to a sort of socialism by no means as foolish as that which is preached by many wiser heads. Yet there is no doubt of his mental incompleteness. He offers the affecting, but not saddening, spectacle of a half-ruined organism recovering so far as to adjust itself to changed conditions. There is even a chance that it may strike out some new and better way of progress than that followed by the average man.

That he has known how to present such a character effectively is proof sufficient that Maartens is a great artist. The delicate but distinct lineaments of the Fool, drawn, as it were, with the finest of dry-point work, are relieved by vigorous etching of the surrounding characters. But in these, too, what refined art! We are made to respect the rugged selfishness and the Roman nose of Cornelia Lossell; her husband Hendrik's devotion to his one idea—to become the head of the house; her brother's rascality; her brother-

in-law Hubert's fatalism. The surprise with which the book ends is all the more surprising because the sagacious reader believes that the whole story is practically told in the first chapter. As it is, the book seems to require a sequel. There is no reason, we are told, why Elias should not recover the full use of his senses. The shock of the murder seems to be just what would be required. It would be highly interesting to know what he would do with them. We hope Mr. Maartens will not leave his tale half-told.

Two Books on the German Empire

1. *The Refounding of the German Empire.* By Col. G. B. Malleson. \$1.75. Charles Scribner's Sons.
2. *Evolution of an Empire.* By Mary Parmele. \$1. William Beverly Harrison.

THE EVENTS OF OUR OWN TIME series, to which Col. G. B. Malleson, C.S.I., has already contributed a masterly sketch of the Indian Mutiny, is further enriched by a recent work of the same author, entitled "The Refounding of the German Empire" (1). After briefly outlining the events which resulted in the overthrow of the Holy Roman Empire, founded by Charlemagne and enduring a thousand years, Col. Malleson sketches the history of Europe from this overthrow to the French Revolution of 1848, and then proceeds to a more detailed description of the events of the twenty-three years which ended with the crowning at Versailles of William I. as Emperor of Germany. During this brief period there were five European wars, of which the Crimean and Franco-Austrian receive only the cursory mention necessary to the coördination of events, while the Danish, the Austro-Prussian and the Franco-German wars, the three steps leading to the refounding of the German Empire, are as fully described as possible in the limited space at the author's disposal. The thorough organization of the military forces of William I. by Von Roon, the familiar "Blood and Iron" policy of Bismarck, and the superb strategy of Moltke, are given due credit. Each of these men was necessary to the accomplishment of German unity. Bismarck, whose "dogged resolution, absolute want of scruple, fertility of resource, fiery energy and strength of will made the task possible," is the only one of the chief actors in the great German drama who lives to see the present fruits of those years of intrigue, turmoil, but final victory. "For him it had been better to die like Von Roon, like Moltke, keeping to the end the confidence of his sovereign, than to feel himself impelled, dismissed from office, to speak in terms not far removed from treason of the sovereign who had declined to be his pupil." The book is illustrated with portraits on copper of the Emperor William I., Prince Bismarck, the Crown Prince Frederick and Count Von Moltke. There are two maps and three plans of battles. The names of the Bohemian towns dotting the battle-field of Königgrätz are spelled very differently in the text and on the map. In some cases a misprint is apparent, as where "Smeti" appears twice instead of Swëti, and "Prolus" for Probus.

"The Evolution of an Empire" (2) is a charmingly written historical sketch of Germany, in which the development of the present Empire is traced from the earliest times. It has been the object of the author "to eliminate as much as possible the non-essential facts, and to present to the student a single continuous thread of events which may easily be retained in the memory and with which the results of future reading and study may be brought into proper connection." The result is an admirable epitome, which can be read in an hour, giving the reader an orderly framework whereon to place the materials collected by subsequent research. The author recommends that the student write a series of papers, containing each not less than one hundred words, upon twenty-three given themes, concluding with a concise historical sketch of Germany, in which the subjects treated in the previous papers shall have brief mention. Anyone industrious enough to carry out this suggestion would certainly acquire a more thorough knowledge than in "much reading of the works of others."

The Magazines

"HARPER'S"

THE PLACE of honor in the May *Harper's* is given to the first of two articles by Mr. Thomas A. Janvier on "The Evolution of New York." Mr. Howard Pyle, than whose no pencil lends itself more readily to the picturesque representation of historic scenes, furnishes the illustrations.

"A DREAM CITY"

Under this title Mrs. Candace Wheeler, President of the Associated Artists of New York, and Director of Decoration in the Woman's Building, at the Chicago Exposition, contributes a paper on the buildings of the World's Fair and their surroundings. Mrs. Wheeler is thoroughly familiar with her subject, both from her knowledge as a decorative artist and her connection with the art work of the Exposition. Her article is illustrated with fifteen engravings. Of the Woman's Building, in which she is particularly interested, and which at the same time she regards without the prejudice of sex, Mrs. Wheeler says:—

"When this edifice arose among the crowd of palaces, itself a palace, its beauty of so pure a type, the first and natural thought of its directors was to fill it with the rarest and most precious things which had ever been made by or for women. To collect the feminine handiwork of all ages, the costly things women had made, or possessed, or worn, all the best of books that women had written, the greatest of pictures they had painted, to make a record of the worthiest deeds they had wrought in philanthropy, in charity, in education, and all they have done for the amelioration of life, and so to make the Woman's Building express an ideal of womanhood. But when this thought was formulated there arose from all the land a great and bitter cry, the voice of a multitude which seemed to say:—We are of those who had no share in the past, and are only beginning to live in the present; we are the toilers who are building up industries for our sisters; we are busy with agriculture, manufactures and commerce, with trades and professions; and must we be shut out from the palace of women because beauty has had small part in our lives? And an answering thought grew and shaped itself to a policy which would take in all of the present. The beautiful and precious things, the books and records, the pictures and embroideries; but also the grain and the honey and the wool, the flax, the dyed yarns, the cloth, the cocoons, the silk threads, the glass which women have moulded, the metals they have shaped, the garments they have made—in short, all the industries woman has created, shared in, or monopolized—will be represented in the Woman's Building. It will have the value of suggestion and encouragement, the beauty of a sisterhood of effort; it will be the centre and visible sign of a new impulse in the world, a reaching out of invisible hands to clasp other invisible hands. It touches women everywhere, from those of American tribes, where rudimentary and primitive manhood has seen in woman only the weaker animal, made for service and for labor, to the nations of the East, where, in apparently never-ending slavery, a long succession of women, reaching back into unrecorded history, have been unrecognized and unacknowledged in their relation to the best welfare of the world. These women have been called out into the sunlight, beckoned by the hand of a woman who stands for all that belongs to the best estate of woman in this most fortunate and prosperous day, and to her will be owing much of the welcome and almost unlooked-for result."

PROF. NORTON'S TRIBUTE TO LOWELL

An article on the late James Russell Lowell, by his long-time friend and literary executor, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, gives the reader an insight into the nature of the poet, discloses his method of work and thought, and reveals, to some extent, his personal habits and daily life. A portrait of Lowell, engraved by French, accompanies the article. Prof. Norton takes a somewhat different view of Lowell's "hours of idleness" than does Mr. Underwood, from whose memoir of the poet we printed copious extracts last week. He says:—

"He was wont to complain of the indolence of his disposition, and to this extent he was right, that his natural habit of work was not continuous, but, on the contrary, spontaneous, rapid, with long breathing-spells between the periods of exertion. Yet he was never idle; and these intervals were not periods of self-indulgent inactivity, but were occupied in accumulation according to his liking, and in assimilation of fresh stores of observation and of learning. He was an immense reader. When the occasion came no man could work harder or with more intensity of energy and steadiness of industry than he, and such were the command he had over his faculties, and his facility of expression, that his performance

was often a feat of marvellous rapidity. Thus, in 1848, 'Sir Launfal' was written at a white heat within a week. And almost forty years later a considerable part of his discourse on 'Democracy,' delivered at Birmingham in October, 1884, was jotted down in the train on the journey from London. And yet so compact and well considered is this discourse that it seems as though no care in its preparation, no deliberation in its statement, had been wanting. Nor, indeed, were they; for this address, which has been well called an event, and an event without precedent, was the outcome of the reflections of a lifetime, and the expression of convictions matured by experience, and of character based upon the rock of firmly established principles."

Lowell's perennial youthfulness was something that even the most unobserving could not fail to notice. It has been said of him that no matter what the age of the other men in the room with him, Lowell was always the youngest. Says his friend:—

"He never grew old. The spirit of youth was invincible in him. Life battered at the defences of youth with heavy artillery of trial and sorrow, but they did not yield. His healthy temperament resisted with success. The death of his first wife, after nine years of happy life, was a desperate grief. But it did not break him down, and after some years he married again, and renewed his happiness and his youth in so doing. From that time on for almost thirty years he remained one of the youngest-hearted of men. When he was sixty-two years old he declared that the figures were misplaced, they should read twenty-six; and in one of the last years of his life, as he was passing a hospital for incurable children, turning to his companion, he said, 'There's where they'll send me one of these days.' He was in his sixty-ninth year when he wrote:—

"But life is sweet, though all that makes it sweet
Lessen like sounds of friends' departing feet.
For me Fate gave, whate'er she else denied,
A nature sloping to the southern side."

And there the sun lay warm, and every morning renewed for him, with daily miracle, the youth of the world within him and without."

Of his many charming traits of character, Prof. Norton declares:—

"Every pleasant quality that adds charm to social intercourse made Lowell among his intimates one of the most delightful of companions. His wit was as kindly as it was ready; his humor was always genial. 'Pre-eminence,' says one of the Elizabethans, 'shortens all equality,' but Lowell did not presume upon his superiorities. His taste, his disposition, were aristocratic, but his principles, his faith, and his practice were thoroughly democratic. In this, as in all things, he was a genuine New Englander, conservative on one side of his nature, liberal on the other; an idealist tempered by sturdy common-sense."

"His affections were singularly deep and steady. He had not only a tender but a very large heart. His love for his friends was such that at times if it did not blind it at least colored his judgment. He was sure to like what they did. He was to them all that a faithful and generous friend could be. His thoughtfulness for them, his readiness to take trouble for them, and to put all his resources at their disposal, outwent the common rules and experiences of friendship. In the more intimate relations of life, the depth, the soundness, the sweetness, and the simplicity of his nature secured happiness for himself and for those whom he loved."

"There was a vein of shyness in him which, associated with self-distrust, made appearance before the public distasteful to him. It was not till late in life that the evidence of his success and effect as a public speaker became too clear to allow him any longer to question his abilities in this respect. During the twenty years of his professorship its duties never became easy to him. He fulfilled them with scrupulous fidelity, but the stated hours and seasons of work were irksome to him and averse from his natural inclinations. 'I begin,' he says in a letter in 1867—'I begin my annual dissatisfaction of lecturing next Wednesday. I cannot get used to it. All my nightmares are of lecturing.'"

There has been much written and said upon the subject of Mr. Lowell's religion, but what so intimate and temperate a friend as Prof. Norton has to say upon the subject should be taken as final:—

"He preferred the known, the familiar courses. He could not shut his eyes to the effects which the advance of science has had in breaking down the old fences of faith, and in substituting for the authority of tradition the liberty of speculation. But his heart clung to the ancient modes of belief, even while his intelligence recognized the truth that they were no longer defensible. His poem of 'The Cathedral,' and his later poems of 'Quem Jovem Credidimus' and 'The Oracle of the Gold Fishes,' exhibit the spiritual conflict which went on within him between the forces of his intelligence and of his sentiment. 'I find no fault,' he once wrote,

'with a judicious shutting of the eyes.' And again, at a later date:—'I continue to shut my eyes resolutely in certain speculative directions, and am willing to find solace in certain intimations that seem to me from a region higher than my reason. I went through my reaction so early and so violently that I have been settling backward towards equilibrium ever since. As I can't be certain, I won't be positive, and wouldn't drop some chapters of the Old Testament, even, for all the science that ever undertook to tell me what it doesn't know.' He avoided discussion of such matters, and the poetic temperament asserted itself here over the logic of the understanding. 'I am,' he wrote, 'very much in the state of mind of the Bretons who revolted against the revolutionary government, and wrote upon their banners, "Give us back our God." I suppose I am an intuitionist, and there I mean to stick.' But it was not easier for him than for most men of sense to stick there."

"THE SAILING OF THE AUTOCRAT"

Mr. T. B. Aldrich thus celebrates Dr. Holmes's departure from Boston upon his last English trip:—

On board the S. S. "*Cephalonia*," April 26, 1886.

I.
"O Wind and Wave, be kind to him!
So, Wave and Wind, we give thee thanks!
O Fog, that from Newfoundland Banks
Makest the blue bright ocean dim,
Delay him not! And ye who snare
The wayworn shipman with your song,
Go pipe your ditties elsewhere
While this brave vessel ploughs along!
If still to tempt him be your thought,
O phantoms of the watery zone!
Look lively lest yourselves get caught
With music sweeter than your own!"

II.

"Yet, soft sea-spirits, be not mute;
Murmur about the prow, and make
Melodious the west-wind's lute.
For him may radiant mornings break
From out the bosom of the deep,
And golden noons above him bend,
And fortunate constellations keep
Bright vigils to his journey's end!"

III.

"Take him, green Erin, to thy breast!
Keep him, gray London—for a while!
In him we send thee of our best,
Our wisest word, our blithest smile—
Our epigram, alert and pat,
That kills with joy the folly hit—
Our Yankee Tsar, our Autocrat
Of all the happy realms of wit!
Take him and keep him—but forbear
To keep him more than half a year.
His presence will be sunshine there,
His absence will be shadow here!"

PHILLIPS BROOKS AS HIS BROTHER KNEW HIM

The Rev. Arthur Brooks, D.D., rector of the Church of the Incarnation, New York, writes a calm and appreciative article on his brother, the late Bishop Brooks, for this number of *Harper's*. Of the late Bishop's college days, he says:—

"And then came college at Cambridge, not tearing from the family soil, but with that privilege which has ever belonged to the Boston boy, and for which I have so often longed for the New York boy, the ability to be in college during the week and at home on Sunday, like a bird that tries its wings and settles back into the nest between anxious parents to make ready for the next flight. It was a college life which stimulated thought. James Walker, with all the devoutness of the old days, but belonging to the new, inquiring, doubting age, was the President of Harvard College. Felton, Agassiz, Longfellow, Lowell, were in their prime in the College. Emerson was giving his message of spiritual manhood to America and the world. Tennyson had published 'In Memoriam' two years before, and his words were on the lips of all young men. Phillips Brooks felt and used such influences of the larger life which was dawning, but he was not confused or blinded by them. That combination of faith in the past and in the present, which we have loved ever since, was there then. The past was not to overshadow the future, nor was it to be swept away. He was the student of high rank, and yet the popular classmate and friend, everywhere sought and loved, as we have known him since and for the same reasons. His power was recognized, his literary ability was rewarded, his geniality and largeness of spirit were loved. Young

men who know college life will best understand how much such peculiar combinations of success mean in regard to the character which is able to reach them."

TO AMEND THE GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

In the Editor's Study, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, whose words, being those of the editor of an influential daily newspaper, should have weight with persons apt to scorn the interference in public affairs of merely literary men, proposes, not a new amendment to the Constitution, but "to the general intelligence."

"The frequent proposals to amend the Constitution of the United States suggest the propriety of an attempt to amend the general intelligence, especially as many of these proposals are in the line of a radical change in the nature of our Federal Government. The theory upon which the public free school supported by the State rests is that it is absolutely necessary, in our system of popular government, that the voters should have intelligence enough to perform the requisite duty of voting. It is admitted that ability to read and write is essential to the exercise of citizenship in such a government as ours. It is argued, however, that it is not the legitimate business of the State to go any further than these essentials, and than in fact, the extent and comprehensiveness of the present education in the public schools quite transcend the proper functions of the State. It is not intended here to raise this general question, but only to speak of one feature of it. And it is contained in this question: If it is the duty of the State to give sufficient education to the voters to enable them to know for whom and for what they vote, why should it not logically go a step further, and instruct them in the fundamental nature of their government? It is admitted that intelligence is necessary somewhere in conducting any government, and that a popular government, one resting on universal suffrage, cannot be successful unless the voters are intelligent. And what knowledge is more necessary to the voter than that of the real nature of the government he is called on to help administer?"

Other articles of interest in this number of *Harper's* are "A Discontented Province," by Henry Loomis Nelson, who gives one phase of life in Quebec—the French farmer's struggle with the worn-out soil and the heavy taxes; "The French Scare of 1875," by M. De Blowitz; and "Colorado and its Capital," by Julian Ralph. Dr. Conan Doyle's historical romance, "The Refugees," is continued, as is Miss C. F. Woolson's story, "Horace Chase." Short stories are contributed by Brander Matthews and Eva Wilder McGlasson, and the series of Shakespearean comedies is continued by "Love's Labor's Lost," with nine illustrations by Mr. E. A. Abbey, and Comment by Andrew Lang.

"THE CENTURY"

The May *Century* begins a new volume, and honors the event by donning a new cover designed by Mr. Stanford White. This is not unlike the one originally designed by Mr. White, but somewhat modified by Mr. Vedder, that has done duty for several years past. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer opens the number with an article on the World's Fair, which is illustrated by a number of striking and original pictures by Castaigne. Mr. W. Lewis Fraser, manager of the art department of the magazine, writes of some "Decorative Painting at the World's Fair." A poem by Mr. R. W. Gilder, called "The White City," is also on the all-absorbing subject of the exhibition. Mr. Janvier continues his "Embassy to Provence," and Mr. Gilbert Gaul his illustrated pilgrimage. Among other articles of interest are a paper of "Recollections of Lord Tennyson," by the late John Addington Symonds, the English art-critic; a paper on "Joseph Bonaparte in Bordentown," by Marion Crawford, with a portrait of Napoleon's elder brother; Don C. Seitz on "Relics of Artemus Ward," with a hitherto unpublished portrait of Ward at the age of twenty; and a biographical sketch and portrait of John Muir, the Sierra and Alaska explorer, by John Swett, Superintendent of Schools in San Francisco. There is also the second of Mrs. Oliphant's historical papers on the reign of Queen Anne, the subject this month being "The Queen and the Duchess"; and another chapter from the "Autobiography of Tommaso Salvini," with portraits.

The fiction of the number comprises the last part of Mrs. Burton Harrison's novel, "Sweet Bells out of Tune"; the sixth part of Wolcott Balestier's "Benefits Forgiven"; "The Chevalier de Resseguière," a short story by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, with a picture by Howard Pyle; the first instalment of a humorous two-part story by W. H. Bishop entitled "Writing to Rosina," with pictures by H. S. Watson and Herbert Denman; and a short story by M. Frances Swann Williams, entitled "Mr. Gadsbury's Brother," with pictures by Kemble. Among the poems of the number are "The Knight of Pentecost," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, "With the Tread of Marching Columns," by S. R. Elliot, a sonnet "To Alfred Tennyson," by Aubrey de Vere, and other verse by Henry Morton, Henry

J. Stockard, Edgar Fawcett, Charles Washington Coleman, Frank Dempster Sherman, and others.

MRS. VAN RENSSLAER "AT THE FAIR"

Mrs. Van Rensselaer not only tells one how to see the Fair, but she makes him feel that if he fails to see it he is losing the opportunity of his life. She writes with all the enthusiasm of the art-lover, not advising one to "do" the fair as Cook's tourists "do" Europe.

"You need not avail yourself of all the quick means of getting about. You can hire a little boat for yourself, if you choose, and drift slowly around all day in this new white Venice of the West; or, when the sun beats too hot through your awning, land on the island, be refreshed by green shrubberies, and fancy yourself lolling in true gardens of Japan. Or, not caring whither you go or when you get there, you can saunter about on foot, on sunny marble *quais* or canopied bridges, in sound of splashing fountains, along great shadowy arcades of columns, pausing at last under palm-trees beneath the tropic dome of Flora's temple, or in the veranda of some little rest-house on the esplanade where the brilliant stretches of Lake Michigan will give your imagination room and verge enough to convince you that you have passed out of the old workaday world altogether—that you are looking from this great palatial bit of fairyland into a further realm of mystery and marvel. If the beautiful in nature especially appeals to you, Lake Michigan will indeed furnish you with fine emotions, exquisite sensations. There is no water like it in more eastern regions. It has twenty moods for one that the ocean shows; and compared with the famous lakes of Europe, it is like a string of many precious stones—beryls, opals, amethysts, aquamarines—compared with a single sapphire."

"THE WHITE CITY"

At the dinner given on March 25, at the Madison Square Garden in this city, to Mr. D. H. Burnham, Director of Works at the Exposition, Mr. Gilder read the following poem entitled "The White City," taking the name given by Mr. H. C. Bunner to the Fair buildings:—

I.

"Greece was; Greece is no more.
Temple and town
Have crumbled down;
Time is the fire that hath consumed them all.
Statue and wall
In ruin strew the universal floor.

II.

"Greece lives, but Greece no more!
Its ashes breed
The undying seed
Blown westward till, in Rome's imperial towers.
Athens reflowers;
Still westward—lo, a veiled and virgin shore!

III.

"Say not, 'Greece is no more.'
Through the clear morn
On light winds borne
Her white-winged soul sinks on the New World's breast.
Ah! happy West—
Greece flowers anew, and all her temples soar!

IV.

"One bright hour, then no more
Shall to the skies
These columns rise.
But though art's flower shall fade, again the seed
Onward shall speed,
Quickening the land from lake to ocean's roar.

V.

"Art lives, though Greece may never
From the ancient mold
As once of old
Exhale to heaven the inimitable bloom;
Yet from that tomb
Beauty walks forth to light the world forever."

MR. SYMONDS'S RECOLLECTIONS OF TENNYSON

A pathetic interest attaches to the late John Addington Symonds's "Recollections of Lord Tennyson," for since they were written—indeed since they left the printer's hands—the writer has gone over to the great majority with his friends; for Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, at whose house he first met the poet, died only a few weeks after Tennyson. Symonds was only twenty-five when he

spent an evening at Woolner's and met Tennyson for the first time. In his diary, under date of 8 Dec., 1865, he wrote an account of that memorable evening:—

"My father came to us this afternoon. He is going to dine with Woolner, to meet Tennyson, Gladstone, and Holman Hunt. I am to go in the evening at 9:30. When I arrived at Woolner's, the maid said she supposed I was 'for the gentlemen.' On my replying 'Yes,' she showed me into the dining-room, where they were finishing dessert. Woolner sat, of course, at the bottom of the table, Tennyson on his left, my father on his right hand. Next Tennyson sat Gladstone, and Hunt next my father. I was seated in an arm chair between Woolner and my father."

The conversation took a somewhat political tone, until broken in upon by the arrival of Francis T. Palgrave:—"Frank Palgrave here came in, a little man in morning dress, with short beard and mustache, well-cut features, a slight cast in his eye, an impatient, unsatisfied look, and some self-assertion in his manner. He directed the conversation to the subject of newspapers. Tennyson all the while kept drinking port, and glowering round the room through his spectacles. His mustache hides the play of his mouth, but, as far as I could see, that feature is as grim as the rest. He has cheek-bones carved out of iron. His head is domed, quite different from Gladstone's—like an Elizabethan head, strong in the coronal, narrow in the frontal regions, but very finely molded. It is like what Conington's head seems trying to be. * * * Soon after came coffee. Tennyson grew impatient, moved his great gaunt body about, and finally was left to smoke a pipe. It is hard to fix the difference between the two men, both with their strong provincial accent—Gladstone with his rich, flexible voice, Tennyson with his deep drawl rising into an impatient falsetto when put out; Gladstone arguing, Tennyson putting in a prejudice; Gladstone asserting rashly, Tennyson denying with a bald negative; Gladstone full of facts, Tennyson relying on impressions; both of them humorous, but the one polished and delicate in repartee, the other broad and coarse and grotesque. Gladstone's hands are white and not remarkable, Tennyson's are huge, unwieldy, fit for molding clay or dough. Gladstone is in some sort a man of the world; Tennyson a child, and treated by Gladstone like a child."

The last time that Mr. Symonds saw Tennyson was at Haslemere, only six weeks before the poet's death. He describes the visit in his diary, from which he makes extracts:—"We left Angelo [Mr. Symonds's Italian gondolier] in the shrubbery, and were taken up to Mr. and Mrs. Hallam Tennyson's sitting-room. After a few minutes' conversation, we went down to Lord Tennyson's study, a large room longer than its breadth. He was sitting near a window at one end of a wide lounge-sofa; shawls over his knees, and a velvet skull-cap defining the massive, nobly sculptured bones of his forehead. He welcomed me very kindly as an old friend, and began immediately to talk of former meetings."

After they had talked for a while Tennyson expressed a wish to see Angelo whom his master called up from the shrubbery:—"He looked very soldierly and handsome in his gondolier's costume, bending over the poet's outstretched hand, and kissing the long, shapely fingers. I said in Italian: 'Questo signore, Angelo, è il più grande poeta di Inghilterra—forse del mondo. Non ti scordar mai di questo momento.' ('This gentleman, Angelo, is the greatest poet of England—perhaps of the world. Never forget this moment.') 'Eh? What's that you're saying to the fellow?' asked the bard. I repeated my words in English, and he looked as though he thought I had not overshot the mark. He then asked me about Davos, and said he had once been in Chur, but could remember nothing there except a grotesque incident in the hotel corridor. * * * Angelo seemed to remind him of Italy, and he suddenly exclaimed: 'All the Tennyson's have big calves. My brother was bathing at Naples, and as he came up the hotel-steps in his bathing costume, a maid cried out:—'Santissima Madonna, che gambe!' The impression left on me by this visit to Lord Tennyson was of a vigorous and green old age, full of cheer and interest and humor, intellectually acute as ever. He complained only of a chronic cough and of gout in the jaws, which made mastication painful."

SALVINI CRITICISES HIMSELF

Salvini continues his Autobiography, in which he shows the aspiring Thespian that there is no royal road to fame in the dramatic art. Of his method of study he writes:—

"I imposed upon myself a new method of study. While I was busying myself with the part of Saul, I read and re-read the Bible, so as to become impregnated with the appropriate sentiments, manners, and local color. When I took up Othello, I pored over the history of the Venetian Republic and that of the Moorish invasion of Spain; I studied the passions of the Moors, their art of war, their religious beliefs, nor did I overlook the romance of Giraldi Cinthio, in order the better to master that sublime character."

I did not concern myself about a superficial study of the words, or of some point of scenic effect, or of greater or less accentuation of certain phrases with a view to win passing applause; a vaster horizon opened out before me—an infinite sea on which my bark could navigate in security, without fear of falling in with reefs."

Those of us who imagine that actors, like poets, are born, not made, will be interested to know that no matter what their natural gifts may be, hard study is their necessary accompaniment:—

"In my assiduous reading of the classics, the chief places were held among the Greeks by the masculine and noble figures of Hector, Achilles, Theseus, *Œdipus*; among the Scots by *Trenmor*, *Fingal*, *Cuchullin*; and among the Romans by *Cæsar*, *Brutus*, *Titus* and *Cato*. These characters influenced me to incline towards a somewhat bombastic system of gesticulation, and a turgid delivery. My anxiety to enter to the utmost into the conceptions of my authors, and to interpret them clearly, disposed me to exaggerate the modulations of my voice like some mechanism which responds to every touch, not reflecting that the abuse of this effort would bring me too near to song. Precipitation in delivery, too, which when carried too far destroys all distinctness and incisiveness, was due to my very high impressionability, and to the straining after technical scenic effects. Thus, extreme vehemence in anger would excite me to the point of forgetting the fiction, and cause me to commit involuntarily lamentable outbursts. Hence I applied myself to overcome the tendency to singsong in my voice, the exuberance of my rendering of passion, the exclamatory quality of my phrasing, the precipitation of my pronunciation, and the swagger of my motions."

THE PERSONALITY OF JOSEPH BONAPARTE

Mr. F. Marion Crawford tells much that his readers never heard before of Joseph Bonaparte in Bordentown. When Mr. Crawford was a school-boy, he spent his vacations at Bordentown in the family of his aunt, Mrs. Adolphe Mailliard, whose father-in-law had been Joseph Bonaparte's private secretary; and there and in further association with the Mailliards he learned a great many interesting things concerning the whilom King of Spain. Of the personality of Joseph Bonaparte, Mr. Crawford writes:—

"All agree in describing him as a thorough Bonaparte, a man of middle height, inclined to stoutness, of a beautifully clear and healthy complexion, having delicate and almost womanly hands. His features closely resembled those of his younger brother, the emperor, but lacked at all points the keen decision and ruthless energy which characterized the conqueror's face. The nose was aquiline, but not eagle-like; the lips even, not firm; the chin prominent, but not massive; the forehead broad and high and full, but not 'that forehead strong with imagination'—the imagination which could realize as well as dream. The eyes were grandly sculptured and deep-set, but had not the irresistible penetration, the blaze of occasional anger, the brightening lustre, of the emperor's look. Instead, there was a meditative sweetness, a sort of inward turning of the vision, suggesting those men whom Napoleon lightly stigmatized as 'idéologues.'"

"Indeed, from earliest youth the difference in character had been clearly apparent in the two. As a child, Napoleon was turbulent, adroit, lively, quick in the extreme, and beat and bit his elder brother as he pleased. The old Lucien, their uncle, when on his death-bed, said to Joseph before the assembled family:—'You are the eldest, but there stands the head. Never forget it.' And he pointed to Napoleon. Napoleon once said in writing to Joseph:—'You live too much with men of letters and science. They are coquettes with whom one must keep up an intercourse of gallantry, and of whom one must never make one's wife nor one's minister.' Yet the emperor did not know, we are told, that Joseph was at that very time in close and continued correspondence with Bernardin de Saint-Pierre and many other men of literary eminence, and far more deeply interested in their pursuits than in the destinies of the world as directed by a man who could say of himself:—'I love power myself; but I love it as an artist. I love it as a musician who loves his violin. I love it in order to draw sounds from it, chords and harmony; I love it as an artist.' I may say, in passing, that these words of Napoleon form part of a passage little known, but which should be famous, quoted at length by Sainte-Beuve in the '*Causseries du Lundi*,' and easy to find."

"SCRIBNER'S"

The May *Scribner's* is called an "exhibition number," yet it has less to say about the great Exhibition at Chicago than either *Harper's* or *The Century*. What it does "exhibit" is its own ability to make a number of a magazine that is unique among its fellows. Artists have been "given their head," and allowed to make the pictures that they wanted the most to make; authors have been asked to look into their hearts and write—the idea being that

every contributor should do the thing it seemed to him that he could do the best. The cover has been designed especially for this number by Mr. Stanford White, the designer of the original cover from which this one does not widely depart. The frontispiece by Blum reproduces, in color, a pastel drawing of "A Daughter of Japan"—the more faithfully, perhaps, for the reason that Mr. Blum drew it on the stone himself.

The number is opened by no less a personage than George Washington, whose own description of the Braddock campaign has never before been published. Among the other writers for the number are W. D. Howells, who contributes an autobiographical sketch entitled "The Country Printer"; Walter Besant, Thomas Hardy, Bret Harte, Henry James, George W. Cable, H. C. Bunner, Sarah Orne Jewett, Mrs. Burnett, Robert Blum and Francisque Sarcey, and there are poems by Robert Louis Stevenson and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Among the artists are the eminent Frenchmen, Albert Lynch, Boutet de Monvel and Marchetti; the Englishmen, Alfred Parsons and Wm. Hatherell; and the Americans, J. Alden Weir, W. T. Smedley, Howard Pyle, George H. Boughton, F. S. Church, Irving R. Wiles, Reinhart, Mowbray, Blashfield, C. D. Gibson and Metcalf. Artist-engravers are represented by Frank French, Elbridge Kingsley and W. B. Closson.

WASHINGTON DESCRIBES A NIGHT RETREAT

Washington's description of the Braddock campaign was written by him for the use of Col. Humphreys in a proposed biography of the narrator himself, which explains why it is told in the third person. This is his account of a night retreat, embodying his opinion of Indian fighting:—

"The shocking scenes which presented themselves in this night's march are not to be described—the dead—the dying—the groans—lamentations and cries along the road of the wounded for help (for those under the latter descriptions endeavored from the first commencement of the action or rather confusion to escape to ye second division) were enough to pierce a heart of adamant. The gloom and horror of which was not a little increased by the impervious darkness occasioned by the close shade of thick woods which in places rendered it impossible for the two guides which attended to know when they were in or out of the track, but by groping on the ground with their hands. Happy was it for him and the remains of the first division that they left such a quantity of valuable baggage on the field as to occasion a scramble and contention in the seizure and distribution of it among the enemy; for had a pursuit taken place, by passing the defile which we had avoided, and they had got into our rear, the whole, except a few woodsmen, would have fallen victims to the merciless savages. Of about 12 or 13 hundred which were in this action, 8 or 9 hundred were either killed or wounded, among whom a large proportion of brave and valuable officers were included. The folly and consequence of opposing compact bodies to the sparse manner of Indian fighting in woods, which had in a manner been predicted, was now so clearly verified that from henceforward another mode obtained in all future operations."

MR. HOWELLS AS A COUNTRY PRINTER

Mr. W. D. Howells's account of his experiences as a country printer, which Mr. A. B. Frost has cleverly illustrated, will be read by everyone who has a drop of printer's ink in his blood. The story is interesting as illustrating the doctrine of heredity, for not only was Mr. Howells's father under the spell of the types, but also his father's sister,



who aided him in his early labors to edit, write and "stick type" for a monthly magazine, "a literary forlorn hope" published in a West Virginia town. "In fact," says Mr. Howells, "the art of printing was in our blood; it never brought us great honor or profit; and we were always planning and dreaming to get out of it, or get it out of us; but we are all in some sort bound up with it still. To me it is now so endeared by the associations of childhood, that I cannot breathe the familiar odor of types and presses without emotion."

"My father," continues Mr. Howells, "had a great many theories and a great many jokes, and together these always kept life interesting and sunshiny to him. With his serene temperament and his happy doubt of disaster in any form, he was singularly well-fitted to encounter the hardships of a country editor's lot. But for the moment, and for what now seems a long time after the removal of our paper to the county-seat, these seemed to have vanished. The printing-office was the centre of civic and social interest; it was frequented by visitors at all times, and on publication-day it was a scene of gayety that looks a little incredible in the retrospect. The place was as bare and rude as a printing-office seems always to be;

the walls were splotted with ink and the floor littered with refuse newspapers; but lured by the novelty of the affair, and perhaps attracted by a natural curiosity to see what manner of strange men the printers were, the school-girls and young ladies of the village flocked in, and made it like a scene of comic opera, with their pretty dresses and faces, their eager chatter, and lively energy in folding the papers and addressing them to the subscribers, while our fellow-citizens of the place, like the bassos and baritones and tenors of the chorus, stood about and looked on with faintly sarcastic faces."

About the kind of a newspaper he was trained on, Mr. Howells says:—"Upon the whole our paper was an attempt at conscientious and self-respectful journalism; it addressed itself seriously to the minds of its readers; it sought to form their tastes and opinions. I do not know how much it influenced them, if it influenced them at all, and as to any effect beyond the circle of its subscribers, that cannot be imagined, even in a fond retrospect. But since no good effort is altogether lost, I am sure that this endeavor must have had some tacit effect; and I am very sure that no one got harm from a sincerity of conviction that devoted itself to the highest interest of the reader, that appealed to nothing base, and flattered nothing foolish in him. It went from our home to the homes of the people in a very literal sense, for my father usually brought his exchanges from the office at the end of his day there, and made his selections or wrote his editorials while the household work went on around him, and his children gathered about the same lamp, with their books or their jokes; there were apt to be a good many of both."

M. SARCEY RISES TO EXPLAIN

Various reasons have been assigned for the non-appearance of the *Comédie Française* at the World's Fair, but that assigned by M. Francisque Sarcey should, from his intimacy with the *Maison de Molière*, be accepted as the true one:—

"You may well suppose that here in Paris the announcement of your Universal Exposition is in everybody's thoughts. The first idea of the director of the *Comédie Française* was to visit it at the head of his whole company. The young people were enthusiastic for the idea. It's so diverting, when you're between twenty-five and forty, to see new countries! Still there were some who hesitated and who grumbled under their breath. We are very domestic in France, oh, *very* domestic! You have no idea in America of the power of the word, and perhaps you haven't its equivalent in your language;—for nothing is less American than the liking for the chimney-corner at home, the dread of quitting your slippers, and of breaking off the cherished habits of your every-day life. So when Jules Claretie hazarded the proposal, he did not find in the company the enthusiasm which was necessary if he was to plead the cause of this tour at the Ministry. Finally—and I am somewhat ashamed to betray to you the secret of this last motive, for I know you will laugh at it; but still, it dropped a great weight into the scale—it is clear that if the *Comédie Française* were to make the voyage it would all have to embark in the same ship. Now, suppose there should be an accident! There would be the whole *Maison de Molière* swallowed up in the bosom of the deep! Once these players had disappeared there would be no reconstituting the company; and you cannot imagine the inextricable complications which would come up in its liquidation. 'And this is why,' as Sganarella says, 'your daughter is dumb.' This is why we are not going to Chicago; and I am very sorry for it."

A LEAF FROM MRS. BURNETT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

In the present instalment of "The One I Knew the Best of All" (which is illustrated by Birch), Mrs. Burnett tells of the excitement in her family when it was decided to burn their household gods and come to America. While her early days were days of bitter struggle with poverty, the end proved America to be to this particular child, what it has to many another—a real Eldorado.

"And now to think that there was a possibility—even a remote one—that she might go to America herself! 'Oh, Mamma, please do, please do!' she said again and again, in the days that followed. The Boys regarded the prospect with rapture. To them it meant wild adventure of every description. They were so exhilarated that they could talk of nothing else, and began to bear about them a slight suggestion of being of the world of the heroes of Captain Mayne Reid and Fenimore Cooper. They frequently referred to the 'Deerslayer' and the 'Last of the Mohicans,' and brought in interesting details gathered from 'a fellow I know, who comes from New York.' Certain descriptions of a magnificent thoroughfare known as Broadway impressed the Small Person immensely. She thought that Broadway was at least half a mile wide, and that before the buildings adorning it Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle must sink into utter insignificance—particularly a place called A. T. Stewart's. These opinions were founded upon the statements of the 'fellow who came from New York.' It really was a delightfully exciting

time. The half awed rapture of hearing the possible prospect talked over by Mamma and the Uncles and Aunts, the revelation one felt one was making in saying to an ordinary boy or girl, 'Do you know that *perhaps* we are going to America!' There was thrill enough for a lifetime in it. And when at last Mamma 'and the Aunts and Uncles and all the relations and friends' had decided the matter, and everybody went to bed knowing that they *were* going to America, and that everything was to be sold and that the Atlantic *was* to be crossed, a new world seemed to be looming up, and the Small Person in the midst of her excitement had some rather queer little feelings and lay awake staring in the darkness and wondered who would get the Green Arm-Chair and the Nursery Sofa."

A SONG FROM SAMOA

It has been a long time since we have had a song from Mr. R. L. Stevenson, so that this one is particularly welcome. It is called "Early in the Spring":—

"Light foot and tight foot
And green grass spread:
Early in the morning—
But hope is on ahead.

"Stout foot and proud foot
And gray dust spread:
Early in the evening,
And hope lies dead.

"Long life and short life—
The last word said—
Early in the evening,
There lies the bed.

"Brief day and bright day
And sunset red,
Early in the evening
The stars are overhead."

"THE ATLANTIC"

The Atlantic is never sensational, but it is always readable, and the May number has several articles of more than passing interest. One of these is on "The English Question," by James Jay Greenough, for many years a teacher of a school for preparing boys for Harvard. Mr. Greenough is naturally disturbed by the recent outcries against the bad English of the Harvard undergraduates. He discusses the subject calmly, however, and makes the argument that the hurry of the time is to blame for the bad results that have been noted at the Cambridge seat of learning.

AN AGE OF HURRY

"The fathers and mothers have no time," says Mr. Greenough; "the boys have no time; in fact, the world has less time, to devote to literary matters. The standard by which each study is weighed is its immediate apparent face value for usefulness, not its intrinsic worth. You cannot expect boys to rise above the ideals put before them. If parents and teachers do not work together, we are in danger of even worse illiteracy than is now complained of. Parents can take pains to talk with their children, even at some sacrifice to themselves of time or money. They can take a more vivid interest in school work, not to make the boys work harder, but to cause them to think it more worth while to work. They can try to make them see the advantages of an education by sympathy and due appreciation of earnest effort. They can give them good books to read, and talk with them about their reading. Teachers can be aware of too much teaching, and stimulate the boys' thinking powers without thinking for them. They can give them every opportunity, and require them to express themselves clearly in recitation.

"If this is done, we shall not need to pay more attention to English than is paid to it in good schools to-day, and we shall not have classes of freshmen in Harvard College to whom allusions to any literary work except the last number of *Life* are absolutely unintelligible. This is the case now, as I have been told by a Harvard professor, who formed his opinion from actual experiment. Let us all pay more attention to fancy, and less to fact, in our lives, and we shall help to solve the English question in our colleges."

FANNY KEMBLE'S "SUDDENNESS"

"My suddenness," said the late Fanny Kemble to Mr. Henry Lee, who writes most entertainingly about her, "is the curse of my nature." She was, however, too strong a character to allow her temperament to get the better of her:—

"To brace herself against her temperament, Fanny Kemble cultivated unusually systematic pursuits and monotonous habits, from an instinct of self-preservation, persuaded, as she says, 'that re-

ligion and reason alike justify such a strong instinctive action in natures which derive a constant mental support from the soothing and restraining influence of systematic habits of monotonous regularity." An observant friend of Mrs. Kemble said to me, as much as forty years ago, 'If Fanny Kemble did not read her Bible at such an hour, visit at such an hour, exercise at such an hour, and gird herself with set habits, she would go mad.' But this is not the whole explanation; for while she did undoubtedly thus seek support, she had inherited from her very English father a worship of law and order, of church and state, of ancient customs, which contrasted violently with her usual impulsiveness and assertion of individuality. The upholder of form and etiquette, the asserter of dignity to-day, would to-morrow defy conventionality, mortify friends, and scandalize strangers by walking in full dress into a river, up to her arms, and then go dripping home through a crowd of beholders. And this metamorphosis was as swift as the flow in a spirit thermometer, as sudden as the transformation scene in a pantomime, and as absolute; the passing was instantaneous and unconscious."

"THE QUEEN OF MAY"

Under this title Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton sings the following seasonable song:—

"The laughing garlanded May-time is here;
The glad laburnum whispers at the gate;
'She comes! She comes!' I hear her step draw near,—
Our Queen of Beauty, Arbitress of Fate!"

"The lilacs look at her—'She is more fair
Than the white moon, more proud than the strong sun;
Let him who seeks her royal grace beware,—
To woo her lightly were to be undone."

"The one sweet rose, that plays the May is June,
Blossoms for her; and for her a mateless bird
Thrills the soft dusk with his entrancing tune,
Content if by her only he is heard."

"A curious star climbs the far heaven to see
What She it is for whom the waiting night,
To music set, trembles in melody;
Then, by her beauty dazzled, flees from sight."

"And I—what am I that my voice should reach
The gracious ear to which it would aspire?
She will not heed my faltering poor speech;
I have no spell to win what all desire."

"Yet will I serve my stately Queen of May;
Yet will I hope, till Hope itself be spent.
Better to strive, though steep and long the way,
Than on some weaker heart to sink content."

"A POET OF POETRY"

A writer, whom we take to be the editor, has a long and appreciative article on William Watson, whom he calls "The Poet of Poetry"—a compliment in itself.

"Remembering, then, how much of the world's best work has been done by men past their second score of years, one may care all the more for what Mr. Watson has already accomplished, and may fairly try to give him and his work the place we set out to find. It is not among the great poets of England, nor, from any promises yet vouchsafed, is it at all sure to be. He is not a poet of great passion, nor a singer of strong good cheer and hope; indeed, it seems to be with an effort that he withholds his song from sadness:—

"'Enough of mournful melodies, my lute!
Be henceforth joyous, or be henceforth mute.'

Let us rather give him the praise due to gravity and soberness of thought; to a certain solemn beauty of expression; to cultivated reflection; to a spirit simple in itself, but drawn somewhat to the tension of the modern note, and rendered complex under protest and by stress of circumstances. Beyond this, and most confidently, let us commend him to those who know and love their poets. Next to the poets themselves, there is hardly a power more satisfying than that of such lines about poetry as Mr. Watson has written. Few have ventured to attempt the task he has wrought so well as to have won for himself, where poetry is concerned, the rare title of a poet."

A HAWTHORNE EPISODE

We all know that Nathaniel Hawthorne at one time made North Adams his home. In that region he did some of his best literary work. Mr. Bliss Perry, who knows the ground thoroughly, takes us over it, and lets us view it in the light of his knowledge:—

"It is more than fifty years since Hawthorne left the village at the foot of Greylock, never to return. Most of the companions of his sojourn there lie buried in the cone-shaped sand-hills of the

crowded cemetery just beyond the Little Tunnel. The Whig Tavern changed hands shortly after his departure; and although Orrin Smith later kept another hostelry by the side of the old coaching road on the crest of Hoosac, that, too, has long since disappeared, and the site is overgrown with alders. But within ten minutes' walk of the Tunnel City may still be seen a gray lime-kiln upon which Hawthorne's eyes have rested, and the intense personal emotion of that long-past year is still vibrant in Ethan Brand. The romance-writers of our day have learned to stray far afield in their search for material, and they come back, too often, with such empty hands! The more's the pity, since a factory village, set in a narrow space among New England hills, was once field enough for a Hawthorne."

Other articles of interest are Henry Van Brunt's "The Columbian Exposition and American Civilization"; Judge Caton's "'Tis Sixty Years Since' in Chicago," and Prof. Shaler's "European Peasants as Immigrants." There are also papers by Capt. A. H. Mahan, U. S. N., on "Admiral Saumarez"; by Frank Bolles, on "Individuality in Birds"; and on "The Japanese Smile," by Lalcadio Hearn.

"LIPPINCOTT'S"

Lippincott's gives the most of its space, as usual, to its great "feature"—the complete novel—which in this May number is called "Mrs. Romney," from the pen of the English story-writer, Rosa Nouchette Carey.

"THE SOUL OF MAN"

Among the poems in this, by Dora Read Goodale:—

"Say, in a hut of mean estate
A light just glimmers and then is gone,
Nature is seen to hesitate,—
Put forth and then retract her pawn;

"Say, in the alembic of an eye
Haughty is mixed with poor and low;
Say, Truth herself is not so high
But Error laughs to see her so;

"Say, all that strength failed in its trust;
Say, all that wit crept but a span;
Say, 'tis a drop spilled in the dust,—
And then say *brother*—then say *man*!"

AN ANCIENT AND HONORABLE SOCIETY

Most Americans have heard of the Society of the Cincinnati, and many we fear have an impression that it is a local association originating in a certain prosperous Western city, instead of being thoroughly national in its character. It was organized, as some of us know, in 1783, by a band of the survivors of the Revolution. Whether Washington suggested the Society or whether Baron Steuben did, or whether it was either, is still an unsettled question. Fortunately, it makes little difference except as a point for historians to quarrel over. We quote from Mr. John Bunting's article:—

"A knightly spirit such as Steuben naturally exerted an influence over his companions. Moved by his cogent arguments, they held frequent deliberations on the subject of a social organization. These took definite shape in the election of delegates, one officer from each regiment of the army. They convened at Newburg, May 10, 1783. After very little had been done, there was an adjournment until the 13th, when the representatives again assembled at Gen. Steuben's head-quarters. At this meeting, which continued in session for more than a month, Steuben was chosen president. Articles of a constitution, three in number, were finally adopted."

Officers only were eligible to membership, and in later days their descendants.

"The general Society, which meets triennially, has had before it no business of national importance for many years. Washington continued to hold the presidency until his death. Alexander Hamilton succeeded him, but his own tragic death soon followed. The arrangements for Hamilton's public funeral in New York were placed in the hands of the Society. An inscription still remains in the robing-room of old Trinity Church attesting in pathetic terms the feelings of the members towards their lamented chief. For a long series of years the Hon. Hamilton Fish has been the President-General. The last general meeting was held at Baltimore in 1890."

Mrs. Moulton contributes a poem, "A Cry in the Dark," as also do Mr. A. D. F. Randolph and Charlotte Pendleton. No. III. of the "Notable Stories" is "A Pastel," by Cornelia Kane Rathbone; another story is "Kühne Beveridge," by Gertrude Atherton. James Cox writes of the growth of St. Louis, which, to judge by the illus-

trations of its buildings, we should say was mostly sky-ward. "Col. Pope and Good Roads" is the subject of an article by Prof. L. M. Haupt.

"THE COSMOPOLITAN"

The May *Cosmopolitan* has for its frontispiece a portrait of Henrik Ibsen (which our readers will find, somewhat reduced in size, on this page); and opposite is the beginning of an article entitled "In the Footsteps of Dickens." In these two pages are suggested the literary antipodes. M. Flammarion's astronomical novel, "Omega: The Last Days of the World," is continued; and there are special articles on "Prison Life at Belle Isle" by J. C. Helm, on "Lumbering in the North West" by J. E. Jones, "American Society in Paris" by Mary Bacon Ford, "English Postal Reformers" by Thomas L. James, and "A Revolution in Means of Communication," in which Elisha Gray describes one of the most marvellous instruments yet invented. Mr. Gilbert Parker, a young Canadian, who is making his mark as a writer of short stories, has one of his best in this number. It is called "The Sport of the Puma."

THE NOVEL AS AN EDUCATOR

In an article on "The Pedagogical Value of the Novel," M. S. Merwin says many suggestive things on that much-discussed form of literature. "Nowhere is the soul and hand of the true artist more needed," he declares, "than in that portrayal and grouping of human lives which is the work of the novelist. It is the sculptor's part to depict the outward form, the painter's to add to its color and setting; but the novelist must go still farther, and portray the inmost workings of the soul, tear aside the veil of the secret closet, follow the life through all its mazes, and unravel the knots which bind it to other lives. The poet in his prophetic insight makes manifest the inmost depths of the human spirit, and yet but partially and mysteriously as by a sudden lightning flash, while the novelist may reveal all its minutest details, not only as it is, but in its successive changes under the influence of environment."

If everyone who writes agreed with Mr. Merwin, there would be fewer trashy novels on the market to-day:—"It is the business of the novelist to carefully observe and truly record such facts, and to record them, not in the dry formulæ of science, but in the fulness of their living entity; to set them before the mind of the reader all aglow with palpitating life; to study, explain, compare and interpret them. The novel is the only text-book of the school of experience; only there can experience be gained without its bitter cost; only by its means is it ordinarily possible for a man to acquire in one life the experience of many. If the novelist is not a student and a teacher of experience, he is untrue to his vocation."

PROF. BOYESSEN ON IBSEN'S POETRY

Mr. H. H. Boyesen, who is one of the few of his English-speaking critics who can read Ibsen when he writes in Swedish, discusses the poems of the Norwegian dramatist. "The last spirit I found who displayed a kinship to Ibsen," says Mr. Boyesen, "was Henri Beyle (Stendhal), whose intense individualism, corrosive irony and detestation of moral cant he shares, but from whose morbid self-consciousness, outspoken sensualism and half-distracted chase after the effective he is far removed. But the most radical difference lies in this:—Beyle's mask is Ibsen's real countenance, or, at least, strongly resembles it. What with Beyle were largely fads and hobbies, are with Ibsen convictions. When the former went about pricking every bubble whose iridescent beauty danced in the sunlight, it was in a spirit of wanton bravado, because it gave him pleasure to demonstrate (what thousands knew as well as he) that it was hollow. When, however, Ibsen engages in the same occupation, it is in as serious a mood as that of Don Quixote when he charged on the wind-mills. I do not mean to imply that the evils which Ibsen assails are imaginary, though (truth to tell) there is a dire lack of humor in the man's composition—a total want of that genial warmth of soul and sympathy with folly which is the chief ingredient of humor; and this fatal defect makes him, at times, mistake the proportion of things, and attack mole-hills with his heaviest artillery. There is always another side, and one well worth presenting, to each one of his indictments of the human race in general and the Norwegian part of it in particular.

"One seems to see in Ibsen's poems the grave, shy boy, averse to play, upon whose imagination the lock-up, the pillory and the mad-house of his native town exercised a shuddering fascination. His experience was, however, in that respect, scarcely exceptional. Even to a normally cheerful child, horror has, in those years, an irresistible attraction. But the remarkable part of Ibsen's confession is the reversal of the normal experience in later years. Is it because he sees more deeply than the herd, and perceives riddles and problems demanding solution, where the thoughtless see only commonplaces? Is it, therefore, that the daylight is to him thronged with goblins, more terrible, by far, than those of the night?"



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HENRIK IBSEN

Mr. Boyesen gives as an example of Ibsen's poetry a poem called "Bird and Bird Catcher":—

- "As a boy, a trap I fashioned,
Caught within its bars a linnet;
Saw, with wanton glee impassioned,
How the poor bird fluttered in it.
- "As into the house my captive
Swift I bore, my joy was heightened;
There the bird with wrathful glances
And with threatening starts I frightened.
- "When, at length, I grew a-weary,
And my wanton mood had shifted,
'Neath the table I concealed me—
Warily the door I lifted!
- "Lo, his wings how glad he stretches,
Out to life and freedom speeding;
Dashes headlong—'gainst the window,
And lies stunned, and crushed, and bleeding.
- "Captured bird, thou hast thy vengeance:
Now the boy, imprisoned, shivers
In a cage, where he, bewildered,
Beats against the bars, and quivers.
- "For at him, through prison grating,
Stares an eye with terror in it;
And this eye sends shudders through him,
As his frightened once the linnet.
- "And when oft ajar, he fancies,
Is the window—freedom lures him—
With a broken wing he tumbles
In the cage, which still immures him."

SARDOU AND DUMAS

In an article on "Contemporary French Playwrights," Mr. Arthur Hornblow says of Sardou, whose "Americans Abroad" has just run a successful course at the Lyceum Theatre:—

"Sardou is now sixty-one years of age, and his plays have given him a large fortune. He owns a handsome residence—37 Rue du Général Foy—in Paris; a superb château at Marly-le-Roi, a pretty suburb of the capital; and a villa at Nice. Scattered among these three homes, he has one of the rarest collections of fine tapestries, precious bric-à-brac, rare paintings, books and engravings, that any one man can wish to possess. It is at Marly-le-Roi that the most of his plays are written. He is very painstaking with everything he writes. After he has found a subject he thinks it over for months, sometimes years, and he collects in a docket all matter relating to it. When he judges that the time has come for action

he makes unintelligible signs on sheets of paper, and these are rendered still more incomprehensible by innumerable corrections and erasures. A special copyist—a gifted creature who understands Sardou's writing better than the playwright himself—makes a clean copy and sends it to the author. In a few days it comes back covered with new corrections, in fact, almost as bad as the original. Another clean copy is made with the same result, and this operation is repeated four or five times. When entirely satisfied with the play Sardou reads it to the company, or rather acts it, for he is an accomplished comedian. He is also an excellent stage-manager. He forgets nothing and foresees everything. He acts each part separately for the benefit of the respective interpreters, leaving nothing to the actor's initiative. In personal appearance Sardou is slight and cadaverous looking. Age is beginning to tell on him. His high and prominent forehead is well marked with wrinkles, and his thick hair is beginning to whiten. His eyes are as quick, and the lines of his mouth as ironical as ever, and his prominent chin speaks of the perseverance and energy that have made him what he is to-day. Sardou has been successful abroad as well as at home, because his plays are universal and his types less local than those of other dramatists."

The younger Dumas "is one of the most striking figures in literary Paris," and Mr. Hornblow thinks that he has probably had "a greater influence on his time than any other living writer." His works are not well-known in America, with one exception—"La Dame aux Camélias." Dumas is just now finishing a new comedy, "La Route de Thèbes," for the Théâtre Français. He works laboriously and copies all he writes several times over.

"THE NEW REVIEW"

The May *New Review* has an article on "Israel's Deep Slumber," by the late Ernest Renan, and one by Mr. Edmund Gosse, on "Mr. Walter Pater and Platonism"; also a character study of the Right Hon John Morley, M.P.; "Russia, Rome and the Old Catholics," by Mme. Novikoff (O.K.); "When Pegasus was Consul," by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; "The Divisibility of Wealth," by W. H. Mallock; and a second instalment of Mrs. Simpson's "People I Have Known," in which she tells a number of interesting anecdotes of Mrs. Grote and Jenny Lind.

MRS. GROTE

Mrs. Simpson speaks of Mrs. Grote's vanity as a rather amiable quality:—

"It seemed to render her more individual, more human, and to temper the alarm she would otherwise have inspired. She had sufficient reason to estimate highly her moral and intellectual qualities; but I believe she set more value on her small foot and Vanddyke hand than on any other of her gifts. She was tall and stately, but not graceful; her movements were angular and masculine. She was no longer young when I first knew her; but she retained to the last her beautiful brilliant blue eyes, wide open and penetrating in their glance, and her delicate complexion. Her features were small and regular. Her dress was characteristic; it did not change much with the fashion. She always wore short skirts, no crinoline, white stockings, and high shoes, and in the summer a print dress (she found fault with me one chilly morning for appearing in a black silk, 'so stuffy, my dear'), long white cambric pointed cuffs, trimmed with narrow lace, with a collar to match, and a white muslin apron, completed her morning costume. It was always scrupulously fresh and neat. In the evening she dressed handsomely, but equally independently of changes. She generally wore a sort of head-dress she called a 'toque,' and was partial to red shoes, which she said were admired by Sydney Smith. Her ringing laugh and clear contralto voice added much to the charm of her stimulating conversation. * * * Besides her other accomplishments Mrs. Grote was an enthusiastic housekeeper, very kind to her servants although she sometimes used strong language to them. Indeed, her language was very often strong, and had the unreserve of a former generation. She did not hesitate to call a spade a spade. Frederika Bremer, in her novel called 'The Neighbours' attempted to draw her portrait in 'ma chère mère,' and the picture is not unlike the original."

JENNY LIND'S FIRST LOVE-AFFAIR

Mrs. Simpson gives an interesting account of Jenny Lind's engagement in the early days of her career to Claudius Harris, a young man who seems to have been an insufferable coxcomb; the great singer being fortunate in breaking her engagement with him. To quote Mrs. Simpson's words:—

"She lived at this time in a little house very near us. It was called Clairville Cottage; it was covered with roses and creepers; it had a pretty garden, and was thoroughly rural. The backs of the houses in Brechin Place now occupy the ground. She and

Claudius Harris often joined our country rides. He generally fell to my share and I did not find him exciting company. Lord Lansdowne sometimes joined us and also came to meet them at dinner, but we did not venture to invite anyone else except the Grotes and one or two other of Jenny's intimate friends. All seemed going on swimmingly and Mrs. Grote went off to Paris, followed soon after by my father, but before he went he said to Jenny Lind, 'Something tells me that your marriage will not take place. If it should be broken off again, write no letters, and have no farewell interviews, but join Mrs. Grote in Paris immediately.' Affairs had not been going on so smoothly as appeared. Mr. Harris had asked Jenny to insert in the settlements a promise that she would never act again. To this my father objected and he also insisted that Jenny was to have uncontrolled power over her earnings. Mr. Harris said this was unscriptural, and the engagement was nearly broken off, but renewed in consequence of the despair Mr. Harris exhibited. He also terrified her by threats of torment here and hereafter if she broke her word, and, last of all, when in the joy of reconciliation she was singing to him, she turned round and saw that he had gone to sleep. Not long after Mr. Senior reached Paris, there was a tap at the door of Mrs. Grote's apartment one evening, about seven o'clock, and in came Jenny. The ill-assorted marriage was finally broken off."

"THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE"

The first number of *The Pall Mall Magazine*, of which Mr. William Waldorf Astor is the proprietor, is just received from the International News Co. who are its agents in this country. *The Pall Mall* compares favorably with the English illustrated magazines, but cannot compare at all with the American illustrated monthlies. It is of a higher class than *The Strand* and more serious than *The Idler*. Its contributions are good, but the illustrations poor. There is no excuse for such inartistic work in a country where there are so many clever draughtsmen. Mr. Swin-



MR. W. W. ASTOR

burne leads off with a poem covering seven pages; Miss Rhoda Broughton follows with a short story; and after her comes Mr. Astor, who tells "Madame Recamier's Secret"—a secret, by the way, which might better have been left untold. There are special articles and short stories, but there is no serial. The magazine has two special departments: one called "Vexed Questions," in which the burning topics of the day are discussed by those supposed to be the most interested in them; the other called "Without Prejudice," in which Mr. I. Zangwill talks about anything that strikes his fancy. This latter is as light and airy a department as the other is serious. On the whole Mr. Astor's magazine is lively without being sensational.

"THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY"

Dr. W. Delano Eastlake opens the May *Popular Science Monthly* with an interesting, temperate and well-illustrated article on "Japanese Home Life," which strikes the happy mean between the severity of Mr. Henry Norman's criticisms and the enthusiasm of Sir Edwin Arnold's. Dr. Eastlake admits the difficulties the foreigner is met with in his efforts to get at the real home life of the Japanese. "The word 'home,'" he says, "has the same tender meaning in the hearts of the Japanese as with us; and the cricket that chirps so lustily on the hearths of American or English homes would find a rival songster in the cheery little fellow whose contented chirp by the side of the glowing brazier, or *hibachi*, makes such sweet music in Japanese homes."

From long residence in Japan, and for other reasons, Dr. Eastlake has a knowledge of this home life that few foreigners obtain; hence, what he has to say upon the subject may be taken *without* the grain of salt that must be served with some travellers' accounts of this picturesque country:—"The recitation, or reading of historical poems (*utai*) is a favorite study, especially if some romance is interwoven into the story. Usually the dramatic poems (*ôrori*) are ceremoniously read or sung by the young maidens, while an elder sister or teacher will thrum a minor accentuated accompaniment on the *samisen*. Sometimes the story of the *utai* is told in prose to the eager group of children gathered around the glowing brazier, or *hibachi*. The latter, it must be confessed, in spite of its cheery appearance, radiates but a scant amount of heat in comparison with the open grates of the Occident. Such a family group may be seen in thousands of homes in Tōkyō alone, on a winter's afternoon; the boys, if back from school, resting contentedly on the white *tatami*, or studying the morrow's lessons in some quiet nook; the little maidens, demurely grouped about the *hibachi*, busily plying their needles, while listening to some story told by the old aunt or nurse, that may be acting as instructress. The contented hum of the quaint old iron kettle, resting over the glowing coals, supported by an iron tripod thrust into the ashes of the *hibachi*, suggests its entire readiness to assist in the preparation of tiny cups of fragrant tea, for any chance guest that arrives, or for any member of the family that wants a steaming cup of this delicate beverage—which is so much more dainty and delicious as prepared and drunk by the Japanese than by us."

TEACHING HUMANITY

An address delivered by Prof. Wesley Mills of McGill University, Montreal, before the American Humane Association of Philadelphia, and printed in this magazine, should be read by all who have the care of the young, whether as parents or teachers. Dr. Mills pleads earnestly and intelligently for all animals, but more particularly for dogs.

"Above all," he writes, "the public needs enlightenment regarding the true nature of animals. When that is complete and thorough, right feelings toward them will spring up in the larger proportion of people. I would especially direct attention to the education of children in and out of school on this subject. It should be held before a child as a more cowardly thing to abuse a defenseless animal than one of its own species. But this will not weigh much with the child if all it hears tends to belittle the creatures by which it is surrounded, and to exalt man beyond all measure. I should begin with very young children by pointing to similarities of structure and function between themselves and the family cat or dog. They have eyes, ears, tongues, etc.; they see, hear, taste, feel pain, and experience pleasure just as children do; therefore, let us recognize their rights, avoid giving them pain, and increase their pleasures. I strongly advocate each family having some one animal, at least, to be brought up with the household to some extent, whether it be bird, cat or dog. But, on the other hand, it seems to me to be a great mistake to introduce any animal as a mere toy or plaything for very young children. Such a proceeding rather tends to encourage cruelty."

DISEASE GERMS IN THE APPLE

Dr. Byron D. Halsted of Rutgers College writes learnedly of "Decay in the Apple Barrel," and gives us timely warning of what we may expect if we do not take proper care of this toothsome fruit.

"Up to this point remarks concerning the mechanical treatment of apples have been purposely withheld. There is no question about the importance of so far as possible preventing the bruising of the fruit. From what has been said in strong terms concerning the barrier of a tough skin which nature has placed upon the apples, it goes without saying that this defense should not be ruthlessly broken down. It may be safely assumed that germs of decay are lurking almost everywhere, ready to come in contact with any substances. A bruise or cut in the skin is therefore even worse than a rough place caused by a scab fungus as a lodgment provided by the minute spores of various sorts. If the juice exudes, it at once furnishes the choicest of conditions for moulds to grow. An apple bruised is a fruit for the decay of which germs are specially invited, and when such a specimen is placed in the midst of other fruit it soon becomes a point of infection for its neighbors on all sides. Seldom is a fully rotten apple found in a bin without several others near by it being more or less affected. A rotten apple is not its brother's keeper."

Other articles of interest (some of them illustrated) are "The Inadequacy of 'Natural Selection,'" II., by Herbert Spencer; "Evidences of Glacial Man in Ohio," by Prof. G. Frederick Wright; "Growth of our Knowledge of the Deep Sea," by G. W. Littlehales; "The Oswego State Normal School," by Prof. W. M.

Aber; "Discovery of Alcohol and Distillation," by M. Berthelot; "Tribute of the French Academy to American Geology"; "How Science is Helping the Farmer," by Charles S. Plumb; "Dietary for the Sick," by Sir Dyce Duckworth, M.D.; and a "Sketch of Samuel William Johnson."

"THE IDLER"

The Idler has two "specialties"—"My First Book," in which some well-known writer tells of the first-born of his brains; and "Lions in their Dens," in which some well-known person is caught in his own house and subjected to the process of interviewing. In the May number, besides these two "features," is an illustrated description of "Royal Pets," mostly those of Her Majesty the Queen of England, among the number being some very jolly little donkeys.

RIDER HAGGARD'S FIRST BOOK

Mr. Rider Haggard's first novel was "Dawn"; and he was impelled to write it by the sight of a pretty girl in church. He told his plan to Mr. Trübner, who encouraged him to go ahead with the book:—

"I worked very hard at this novel during the next six months or so, but at length it was finished and dispatched to Mr. Trübner, who, as his firm did not deal in this class of book, submitted it to five or six of the best publishers of fiction. One and all they declined it, so that by degrees it became clear to me that I might as well have saved my labor. Mr. Trübner, however, had confidence in my work, and submitted the manuscript to Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson for report. Mr. Jeaffreson's report I have lost or mislaid, but I remember its purport well. It was to the effect that there was a great deal of power in the novel, but that it required to be entirely rewritten. The first part he thought so good that he advised me to expand it, and the unhappy ending he could not agree with. If I killed the heroine it would kill the book, he said. He may have been right, but I still hold to my first conception, according to which Angela was doomed to an early and pathetic end, as the fittest crown to her career. That the story needed re-writing there is no doubt, but I believe that it would have been better as a work of art if I had dealt with it on the old lines, especially as the expansion of the beginning, in accordance with the advice of my kindly critic, took the tale back through the history of another generation—always a most dangerous experiment. Still, I did as I was told, not presuming to set up a judgment of my own in the matter. If I had worked hard at the first draft of the novel, I worked much harder at the second, especially as I could not give all my leisure to it, being engaged at the time in reading for the Bar. So hard did I work that at length my eyesight gave out, and I was obliged to complete the last hundred sheets in a darkened room. But let my eyes ache as they might, I would not give up till it was finished, within about three months from the date of its commencement. In its new shape 'Dawn' was submitted to Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, and at once accepted by that firm."

Mr. Haggard's first contract was so unfavorable to himself and his pay for all his trouble so little, that he had serious thoughts of abandoning novel-writing altogether. Whether the literature of the world would have been the poorer if this decision had been final, we shall leave it to others to determine.

"THE FORUM"

In the May *Forum* Mgr. Satolli's mission to America is discussed by Bishop John H. Vincent, Methodist; the Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, Congregationalist; and the Rev. James F. Loughlin, Roman Catholic. Dr. Vincent has no fear of the authority of the Pope of Rome in the United States:—

"Welcome to Francisco Satolli as a learned and distinguished Italian emigrant who desires to become a naturalized American citizen! Let the nation give him full liberty! But let the authorities in Washington beware how they pay him official attentions as a representative of the temporal kingdom or authority of the Pope of Rome, who is and can be 'the subject of no government on earth'! And we certainly expect that the officials in our national capital will show him no especial attentions as the representative of a sectarian religious society! Some fine morning in the not remote future, this Republic will wake up and at the ballot-box administer a wholesome rebuke to certain princes, prelates and priests—a rebuke that will be heard and heeded in the innermost recesses of the Vatican; and the greatest surprise to His Holiness will be in the fact that tens of thousands of the 'faithful' voted that glad day for the Republic and its Public Schools."

Mr. Bacon does not seem to have any greater fears than Bishop Vincent, and Dr. Loughlin argues that Rome is a "true ally of the Republic."

The Forum is rather political than otherwise this month; but "Scientific Cooking in New England" is discussed by Mrs. Helen

Richards; and in continuing his series of papers on our public school system in America, Dr. J. M. Rice bestows upon Minneapolis a large amount of praise.

Edwin Booth

WHEN *The Critic* went to press last week, Mr. Edwin Booth was lying dangerously ill in his rooms, which occupy the top floor of the Players' Club, 16 Gramercy Park, New York. His condition was about the same when this week's paper was printed. While it is considered improbable that the distinguished tragedian will die this week, his recovery from the present stroke is hardly to be hoped for. A few weeks is, in all likelihood, the limit of time that remains to him.

We quote from the Baltimore *Sun* these interesting words of Mr. Jefferson's on his illustrious contemporary:—

"Joseph Jefferson, speaking of Edwin Booth yesterday, said:—'Mr. Booth and I have been fast friends for forty-five years. I met him first when he was a boy of fifteen. He was the handsomest boy I remember ever to have seen, looking, with his dark hair and deep eyes, like one of Murillo's Italian peasant boys. He was full of romance and poetry in his youth. I do not remember a father and son more unlike in figure and acting than Edwin Booth and his father, Junius Brutus Booth. The only similarity was in their voices. While the father was an actor of finer artistic training, Edwin's grace of manner, classic features, and dignity of carriage were far superior, more attractive, more interesting, more beautiful. In 'Richard III.,' 'Lear,' 'Sir Edward Mortimer,' 'Sir Giles Overreach,' and similar characters, the father was superior in my judgment, though this opinion must be taken with the qualification that I was very young when I saw the father, and may have been dazzled by his popularity and fame. But in 'Hamlet,' 'Iago,' and roles demanding delicate shading and subtle expression, the son was unquestionably much finer. There was a gentleness and sweetness of manner in Edwin that made him far more winning than his father.'

London Letter

ALL other interests dwindle this week beside the profound consternation caused in the wide circle of his friends by the death of Mr. John Addington Symonds, the news of which reached London yesterday morning. He was passing home from Naples, and at Rome was taken suddenly ill, and in two days sank.

For some time past, it now appears, he has been much more ill than he himself or than those about him knew. When, nearly twenty years ago, he had to leave England in a state of health so shattered that it seemed doubtful whether he would ever reach his Alpine sanatorium alive, those who were solicitous about him did not allow for the astonishing vitality which has carried him on now so long that we vainly supposed it would land him in old age. Such strength of constitution as his was rarely wedded to a system so frail and so deeply undermined. His energy was hectic; his power of work, his thirst for life, his glow and vigor in enjoyment were indomitable, and he had carried on so long the game of bluff with death, that his sudden defeat comes as a blow to all who knew him.

It will be a subject of mournful pleasure to a great many people in this country that Mr. Symonds's visit to England last year enabled them to meet and speak with one who had hitherto had to be visited at Davos or at Venice to be seen at all. He was persuaded last summer, being unusually well, to venture upon the forbidden thing—a visit to England. He opened the revels of Extension Lecturing at Oxford in August last with a memorable address, and he looked so youthful with his soldier-like head and dark, bright eyes that no one could credit him with two and fifty summers.

But his strength, though easily evoked, was even more easily exhausted. He saw Tennyson, and his account of that interview, in *The Century* for May, will now have a doubly pathetic interest; he stayed with several other friends, with Lord Hannan at Falmouth, with Lord Carlisle in the north; but the first chills of September, and the cruel exhaustion which followed on so much excitement, prostrated him, and he left for Davos long before his English engagements were over.

Since then, as I understand, his friends have heard from him but seldom. He never, I believe, recovered the nervous drain of this perilously delightful return to his country. Since last autumn he has been working feverishly,—far too feverishly, his friends felt,—trying to drive away the symptoms of drained vitality by pumping up fresh stores of energy. His intellectual work this winter has been excessively varied; it was a bad symptom, had we but considered it, that he could not rest. Up till now, his mode of life, as I am told, has been strange, but well-suited to his requirements.

No man was ever less of a pedant, less of a recluse than Mr. Symonds. His feverish hands, so far from pushing the beaker of life from him, in the modern dyspeptic way, had hurried it to his lips and held it there. Up in his mountain village, among the snows of the Grisons, he has extended a large hospitality, he has taken part in the interests and the amusements of the natives, he has thrown himself, with something like violence, into all that pleased and excited his neighbors. Reduced as his vital store of strength must always have been, he was no sooner convalescent from one attack, than he was eager to be out with his athletic friends and fellow-townsmen, tobogganing, driving, running, sharing and conducting gymnastic exercises, accompanying the local *vercin* of lads to their competitive sports and races.

It seems naturally to follow from all this that Mr. Symonds must have been one of the most charming men of his time. Those who know him merely from his books, copious, vivid and versatile as they were, could have no idea of the delightful quality of his companionship. His talk was, as I have always heard, better than any of his writing. Fortunately a record of the character of his conversation has been preserved by no less brilliant and sympathetic an observer than Mr. R. L. Stevenson. I believe I am not indiscreet in revealing what I am certain cannot fail to interest many readers of *The Critic*, that Mr. Symonds is the Opalstein of the famous essay on "Talk and Talkers," who is described in these words:—

"His various and exotic knowledge, complete although unready sympathies, and fine, full, discriminative flow of language, fit him out to be the best of talkers; so perhaps he is with some, not quite with me, *proxime accessit*, I should say. He sings the praises of the earth and the arts, flowers and jewels, wine and music, in a moonlight, serenading manner, as to the light guitar; even wisdom comes from his tongue like singing; no one is, indeed, more tuneful in the upper notes. But even while he sings the song of the Sirens, he still hearkens to the barking of the Sphinx."

No account of Mr. Symonds, indeed, would be complete without a reference to "the barking of the Sphinx." Happy he could scarcely be, with all his thirst after happiness. His nature lacked the reposeful element, his mind was subject to cruel alternations of doubt and determination. No stranger being has been prominent in our age; and, although his genius, from a merely literary standpoint, hardly reached the highest level, and although his "might-have-beens" excelled his "weres," he was in his way the very type and example of our heated and disordered intellectual generation, full of ardor and sympathy, full of ambition and desire, but sorely tormented by the riddles of existence. It has been my privilege to see some of the long and animated letters with which he indulged his friends; and in these, perhaps, more than in his books, the qualities of his mind were seen to advantage.

It is customary to speak slightly of his verse; yet some of his philosophical poems will surely live, and those who desire to know the man, must seek for him self-analyzed in the subtle, weighty, and often melodious sonnets of his *Animi Figura*. He was the Hamlet among our nineteenth-century men-of-letters, and a type the exact counterpart of which the world is not likely soon to see again.

LONDON, 21 April, 1893.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

IN THE Boston Public Library there are 576,237 volumes, according to the report of the Librarian, which has just been submitted to the Mayor. More than 100,000 names are on the list as entitled to the privilege of borrowing books, while the number of volumes taken out last year was about 1,700,000. This latter figure is somewhat smaller than that of the two previous years, and accounts for the statement that the institution is becoming more and more a consulting library and less a circulating one. The reason for this change is due to the refusal of the Trustees to furnish popular reading of an inferior grade. The Trustees make the suggestion that the Commonwealth buy the manuscript of our Colonial Laws, recently purchased for \$6500 at the sale of Mr. Barlow's library, and advocate that the money obtained be turned over to improve the musical department of the Library. They hope for much better accommodations in the new Library, and their report shows that at present the workers and readers are decidedly overcrowded. The present building, for instance, was designed to contain about 200,000 books, but there are now more than 400,000 stowed away on its shelves. Accommodation for 150 readers was provided originally, but now space is needed for at least 500.

At the last meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Dr. Samuel A. Green spoke of the bequest to the Society from the Rev. Robert C. Waterston, and then alluded to an interesting picture temporarily on exhibition at the Art Museum in this city. Regarding this picture Dr. Green said that as long ago as 1883, the Hon.

Robert C. Winthrop referred to a letter written to him by the United States Consul at Dresden, announcing the discovery there, in private hands, of an original portrait of Dr. Benjamin Franklin by the celebrated French artist Duplessis. Dr. Green is also authority for stating that this picture is apparently an excellent likeness and a fine painting, and is owned by Dr. Clifford F. Snyder, an American dentist practising his profession in Berlin. At the Museum it has been placed side by side with an original portrait of Franklin belonging to the Boston Athenæum, which has always been attributed to Greuze. A good opportunity for a comparison of the two pictures is thus offered. It is interesting to note, says Dr. Green that the one painting is an exact copy of the other, even in its minutest details; and it is evident, too, that they both were made by the same artist—undoubtedly Duplessis.

On the list of names suggested for nomination as Overseers at Harvard, I find this year several that were suggested last year, together with a number of new ones. The Rev. Charles F. Dole, author of "Jesus and the Men About Him" and "The Citizen and the Neighbor," is the only author on the list, if we except the writers of technical works. Edwin P. Seaver, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Boston, is part author of a series of school-books; Dr. James R. Chadwick of Boston has contributed to the medical journals; Heman W. Chaplin has written works on criminal law and the recent Assistant Secretary of State, W. F. Wharton, is the editor of the last edition of "Story on Partnership." Then there are in the list Dr. John Homans, 2nd, the well-known physician of Boston; Mayor W. A. Bancroft of Cambridge, whom students know best as the famous coach of the crews of former days; the Rev. George A. Gordon of the Old South Church, recently preacher at the College; Nathaniel Thayer, the wealthy Harvard graduate, of the same family that gave Thayer Hall to the University; President Hudson of the American Bell Telephone Co.; Vice-President Rumrill of the Boston and Albany Railroad (the mingling of business men with wealthy men of leisure and literary men shows the practical management of the College); Ex-Gov. William A. Gaston, who now, I am sorry to say, is seriously ill at his home; Mr. C. P. Bowditch of this city; Edward N. Fenno and William Farnsworth, the Boston merchants; Pres. Bullock of the State Mutual Life Assurance Co., now one of the eight Commissioners at Large of the World's Columbian Exposition; Dr. W. S. Bigelow; and Robert M. Morse, the prominent lawyer of this city. From these and from Messrs. Arthur T. Lyman, Robert S. Peabody, Samuel Hoar and Messrs. Williams, who are eligible for re-election, are to be chosen six to fill the vacancies on the Board.

The winner of the Rotch travelling scholarship this year is Walter H. Kilham, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the class of 1889 and a recent instructor in architecture at that school. His prize means \$2000 a year for two years to pay travelling expenses in Europe while he studies architecture. F. N. Reed, also a recent graduate of the Institute, won the second award, a prize of \$75 offered by the Boston Society of Architects.—Mr. Holker Abbott has been chosen President of the Public School of Art League; Mrs. Sarah H. Whitman, Vice-President; John Lyman Faxon, Secretary; H. W. Chapin, Corresponding Secretary; and Walter G. Page, Recording Secretary.—A very pleasant reception was given to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes last week by the English Club of the Harvard Annex, when 200 friends gathered at the Fay House to welcome the poet and to listen to his own reading of "Dorothy Q." and his preliminary remarks.—I think I have not written in any of my letters more than the announcement that William Coolidge Lane had been chosen Librarian at the Boston Athenæum, and readers of *The Critic* may therefore like to know something about the gentleman who assumes that important place. He is a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1881, and for some years served as Assistant Librarian at the College Library, having charge of the Catalogue Department. He is the Secretary of the Phi Beta Kappa and of the Dante Society, Treasurer of the Publication Section of the American Library Association, and was last year President of the Massachusetts Library Club. I should say he is about thirty-five years of age.

BOSTON, 2 May, 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

THE DEPARTMENT of Fine Arts of the Exposition was in so chaotic a state during the few days before the formal opening that it was impossible to gain any comprehensive idea of the exhibit. But a prodigious amount of work was done in those last hours of preparation, and visitors to the Art Building on May-day found many sections practically complete. Indeed, even before, the commissioners from certain countries had so far progressed with their work that but few of their pictures remained unhung, and the eight rooms devoted to Great Britain were close to the finish. For that

reason, and not because it is more important than the others, I will try in this letter to give some slight idea of the English exhibit. Primarily, it is eminently characteristic, it is distinctively British; and one knows at the first glance that no other country could have produced this collection. It is curious to see how widely the Channel separates the art of England from that of France, how different are the problems solved by the two, how irreconcilable are their ideals. There is none of that alert open-mindedness which characterizes the French painter of to-day, none of his readiness to welcome new ideas and utilize the good in them, none of his anxiety to give what is best and most buoyant in himself to art. The problems which agitate the artists of Paris have never even presented themselves to English minds, and the doctrine that beauty is the end and aim of art is absolutely foreign, apparently, to their beliefs. The reproduction of sunlight is a mystery which they have never attempted to unravel, and their ideas of color are for the most part primitive in the extreme. They deal continually with anecdotal subjects, with melodramatic scenes based on historical and mythological episodes, and with touching phases of home-life,—the desire for beauty playing no part whatever in these conceptions. There are tavern interiors and charity schools without number, sentimental compositions showing the meeting of lovers in the lane, studio Judiths wearing complacent smiles, and pink-and-white children blowing soap-bubbles or listening to tales of adventure from weather-beaten seamen. Paintings which have neither light nor air abound in these galleries, and so little has the influence of the impressionists been felt that only one picture in the entire seven rooms is painted in their manner. Even so forceful a personality as Whistler's is without effect, apparently, though he has lived in the heart of London these many years. But English painters must work out their own salvation. Nature, whose beauty is almost unknown to them at present, has spoken eloquently to them in the past and will again perhaps reveal her subtle poetry. The trail of conventionality is over their work in this Victorian era; they see what they are taught to see, and paint it as their teachers painted it before them. And not until they are emancipated from the schools and learn to look about them with minds freshly awakened and eyes open to the light, will they produce an art worthy to rank with the greatest of the time.

The absence of fine landscape work is conspicuous in the present collection, and probably no other exhibit will contain so large a proportion of figures. But the sea is not unknown in the island kingdom, and it is fitting that two of the finest pictures should be marines. These are, of course, the work of Moore, who expresses in one of them the force and majesty of the sea, with the deep green of the waves after a storm and the superb measured rush of the water. In the other the power of the sea is no less evident, but it is in reserve—a beautiful, peaceful effect, in which one seems to look off over miles of water to the still horizon. The sky is especially fine, with its clouds roughing up and taking light above the still line near its contact with the sea. These are great pictures, true to the beauty of nature and expressed with an almost epic dignity. Sir Frederick Leighton, Alma Tadema and Hubert Herkomer all exhibit large and important examples of their work. The President of the Academy sends his "Garden of Hesperides," in which the golden apples give the key to the color scheme—a more daring one than is usual with this painter. It is a decorative, sumptuous thing, though both in composition and color it falls short of greatness. His "Hercules Wrestling with Death" is even more mannered in the grouping and manipulation of draperies and in the set look of distress common to all of the faces. Hubert Herkomer sends "The Last Muster," with its rows of aged pensioners at Chelsea; but he is at his best in a portrait of a gentlewoman in black. One would be grateful, though, if he would omit the quotation on the frame and leave the clear, serious eyes and sensitive mouth to tell their own story, for their eloquence is too simple and dreamy to bear translation. Alma-Tadema sends three paintings, one of which is the well-known "Sculpture-Gallery,"—skillfully painted, but cold, with its bronze and marble unrelieved by color. His more recent production, "The Dedication to Bacchus," is much gayer and more beautiful. Watts, a painter of a very different kind, is represented by many examples. His is a distinct and original personality, a genius which cuts its own way, unassisted, unguided by mistake or success other than his own. His faults are numerous and flagrant, but in spite of them he is an artist to the core. An intellectual painter, he works towards an ideal forever beyond his reach, he struggles to express in fitting language the poetry and spirituality of his thoughts. The pursuit of art is no sinecure to Watts; it is a continual effort to paint the unpaintable, to chain the ideal to a crippled and unskilful brush. But his unflinching ambition has produced some remarkable portraits and a few beautiful allegorical pictures. In the present collection he is at his best in a portrait of Walter Crane, in which he has transferred to canvas all that is fine in his fellow-artist's face; in a beautiful

poetic head of Robert Browning, portrayed with understanding and sympathy; and in the large painting in which he succeeds in expressing much of the tragic beauty of Love shadowed by Death.

There are other notable works in the English section, but I have only space to mention Millais's delicate portrait of a gentle girl, a misty landscape by Adrian Stokes, Briton Riviere's deserted castle, Frank Holl's straightforward portraits, an original and simple Annunciation by Marianne Stokes, Stanhope Forbes's smithy, William Stott's sunlit bit of impressionism, and Shannon's admirable portrait of George Hitchcock in a garden of poppies.

CHICAGO, 2 May, 1893.

LUCY MONROE.

The Shelley Memorial Fund

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The American members of the committee to provide the funds for the Shelley Memorial, at Horsham, Sussex, England, acknowledge with thanks the following subscriptions made since the former report:—

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---------|
| Charles B. Dunn, Chestnut Hill, Pa., | \$25.00 |
| Daniel C. Gilman, Baltimore, | 5.00 |
| Arthur M. Dodge, New York, | 10.00 |
| Henry Cabot Lodge, Nahant, Mass., | 10.00 |
| T. Niles, Boston, | 25.00 |
| Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, | 50.00 |
| Sarah W. Whitman, Boston, | 25.00 |

150.00

Amount previously acknowledged, 204.25

Total, \$354.25

This amount has been remitted to James Stanley Little, Esq., of Horsham, Hon. Secretary of the Shelley Committee. The American subscription is herewith closed.

T. B. ALDRICH.

R. W. GILDER.

E. C. STEDMAN.

28 April, 1893.

The Lounger

THE FOLLOWING very charming lines were written by a little girl, twelve years old, who had just got well enough to go into the country after several weeks of illness. They were published in the *Baltimore American* under the title "Out in the Golden Sunshine the Pomegranates Grow," the author's age not being mentioned and her identity being hidden behind the initials E. D. S. The poem, I understand, was written by a daughter of Mr. Charles Morton Stewart, President of the Board of Trustees of Johns Hopkins University.

Sing, oh, sing to the spring!
 What did April bring?
 She brought us violets blue and shy,
 She brought us wind-flowers white and frail,
 She brought us a warm and tender sky,
 And life in every gale.
 Sing, oh, sing to the spring,
 These and more did April bring.
 Sunshine plays on the hillside steep,
 Or kisses the daisied meadow,
 Leaving the forest and water deep
 To quiet shadow.
 When we pass thro' this life, this life below,
 When we find no flowery meadow,
 Shall we wait and wait for the sun's bright glow,
 Or rest in shadow?

AN ENGLISH JOURNAL has been gathering statistics among authors on the interesting subject of sleep, and finds that many of them may be caught napping during the golden hours of day. Prof. Blackie has "followed nature in practicing the afternoon nap now for fifty years"; and he is a wonderful example of vigorous old age. Mr. Walter Besant does not take an afternoon nap as a rule, but if he drops off between luncheon and dinner, he does not regret it. Mr. Hall Caine confesses to the nap habit, but adds that it is a great waste of time, though not of tissue. Mr. W. T. Stead considers plenty of sleep "an indispensable necessity for all brain-workers," and says that Mr. John Morley, when editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, took forty winks after his chop. That very active journalist, T. B. O'Connor, M.P., is a great believer in sleep, and thinks that ten hours out of the twenty-four should be devoted to slumber. It is not always the brains that work the hardest that require the most sleep. Napoleon, for example, whose brain was always working, slept but four hours out of the twenty-four, unless he has been misrepresented.

HERE IS A HINT to those suffering from insomnia—a form of suffering that falls largely to the lot of brain-workers: Mr. George R. Sims, the dramatist, who is a busy writer (this is not the time to discuss his literary merit), has made the discovery that an afternoon nap is the best thing to take if one wants to sleep at night. Mr. Sims held out against it as an effeminate habit, but having once fallen into the way of it he finds that it not only enables him to work with a clearer brain at night but, better than all, it enables him to sleep long and peacefully after he goes to bed. What a delightful remedy for a terrible affliction! for insomnia is a ghastly thing. Drugs are harmful (see what they did for poor William Watson); but unbribed sleep, nature's sweet restorer, harms no one; in fact, it is one of the few remedies of which it is hard to get an overdose. Zola has discovered this truth, and his siesta is as much a part of his day's program as is his writing. But then they take life differently in France. There two hours is not too long for the *déjeuner à la fourchette*, while an hour is as long a time as the Englishman can spare for his midday meal; and in America!—well, here the proprietor of the "quick lunch" counter retires a millionaire.

SPEAKING OF FRANCE, a friend writes me from Paris:—"I notice in your London letter (*Critic*, March 11) that English young ladies have a new fad—*vis.*, putting literature into Braille, a printed language for the blind. It is an old fad with us. We have a circulating library for the blind in Paris, and the many thousand volumes that compose it are in Braille done by society women."

"WILL SOME ONE versed in psychological phenomena say whether I am singular in frequent experience of what I may call sudden, total orthographical eclipse?" inquires S. J. B. "Incorrect spelling is no rarity, and there are, in our language, certain combinations of letters which may well befuddle the most prosaically accurate; but often, in the full tide of composition, with no hesitancy or demur, I misspell a common word, the correct spelling of which is as familiar as that of my own name, only to realize the fact when the manuscript has gone beyond recall. Perhaps the strangest circumstance in this connection is the fact that the realization of error is almost invariably apropos of nothing. In the still, small hours of the night—while rapt under the influence of music or oratory—oftenest, perhaps, while lingering in the borderland between sleep and consciousness in the dim light of the early morning—the word, in all the horror of its false presentment, will stand out as clear to my mental vision as was the awful mural inscription to the eye of the Chaldean monarch, while my heart sinks and my knees knock together."

TALK ABOUT Yankee ingenuity! It is nothing to that of the Britisher in the matter of publications. There has been a magazine started in England, recently, which is run on a plan entirely novel and original. An author's manuscript is published if he subscribes for a certain number of copies. The space allowed the author depends upon the number of copies he shows a willingness to buy. I have heard of a great many strange ways of building up a circulation, but this is the strangest yet. I can see that it will work admirably—for the publisher; but where is the author's remuneration to come in? He is told by the publisher that he can send the copies he buys to his bookseller, "who will sell them for his benefit." Will the publisher guarantee this sale? If he will, why should not he himself reap the benefit of it? Oh, wily publisher! what do you call your magazine? *Vanity Fair* would not be a bad title for it; for all the poor author will get out of it is the tickling of his vanity.

"I THINK I have discovered an error," writes J. M. of Paris, Texas, "in 'The Century Dictionary,' in the definition of 'Turkey-call'—'an instrument producing a sound which resembles the gobbling of the turkey-cock, used as a decoy.' I have hunted wild turkeys and decoyed many a strutting gobbler and foolish hen to death, but always by imitating the 'yelp' of the female, and I have never seen a hunter who could imitate the 'gobble.' Perhaps Bettina (in 'The Mascotte') might do it, but I have heard old hunters say it is an impossibility."

I OFTEN WONDER what sort of person it is that invents and circulates stories about well-known people—stories which are not malicious but only untrue. A malicious story may be attributed to pure malice; but what is the motive when there is nothing offensive in the tale? A story that is now going the rounds of the press begins by saying that M. Jules Verne is writing his seventy-fourth novel, and adds that "the novelist is by birth a Pole—a native of Warsaw—and his real name is Olchewitz. When he began to write he adopted the expedient of translating the initial syllables of his family patronymic (which in English means 'beech') into its French equivalent, and in this way he got 'Verne.'" This would

be interesting if true, but there is not a word of truth in it. I learn from an as yet unpublished interview with M. Verne that he was borne in Nantes (department of the Loire Inférieure) in February, 1828. Both his father and mother were French. He was educated in Nantes and in Paris. Instead of being engaged upon his seventy-fourth novel, he is engaged upon his sixty-seventh, if upon any; for thus far he has published sixty-six, all told. I suppose that the moral of this tale is that one must not believe all that he sees in the papers; but then so many tales point this moral that it hardly seems necessary to invent a new one for the purpose.

"WHILE in Chicago lately," writes a subscriber, "assisting (*à la Française*) to dedicate the World's Fair, I noted a curious little specimen of English as she wrote by a foreigner. It was on the large plate-glass front of the office of the Italian newspaper *L'Italia*, where I read as follows:—'It has the largest circulation of any other in the United States!' There seems to be an idea, or a confusion of ideas, at the basis of this simple but baffling legend."

SOMETHING NEW and strange in the way of imprints is that which appears upon *The Medico-Legal Journal*:—"Clark Bell, Esq." The magazine is not only published but copyrighted by the same "Esq."

The Drama

Alexander Salvini

THE PERFORMANCES of Alexander Salvini in old-fashioned romantic melodrama in the Manhattan Opera House have evidently caught the public fancy, for the audiences have been large and the applause hearty, but they are not altogether reassuring, nevertheless, so far as the future of this exceedingly promising actor is concerned. Beyond doubt the associations in which he is now cast are dangerous to a young player, as they are likely to lead him into the double faults of carelessness and exaggeration. The effect of their influence, indeed, is perceptible already in his acting, which is less finished and less well-considered now than it was two or three years ago. It may be questioned, moreover, whether romantic melodrama offers him the best field for the display of his peculiar abilities, although it cannot be disputed that he possesses some eminent qualifications for it. His open, attractive and expressive countenance, his fine athletic figure, his natural eloquence of gesture, and his ardent temperament are all precious gifts of nature to the impersonator of romantic heroes, but they by no means make up the sum of his artistic equipment. The best work that he has yet done in this country has been in the line of character acting, which belongs to a much higher order of art, and it is in that direction probably that his chief triumphs in the future will be won.

His Don Caesar de Bazan, although a piece of acting of much more than common merit, was disappointing, curiously enough, in that very quality of romance which ought to constitute its chief charm. Without the refining touch of sentiment and imagination, this impetuous neer-do-weel becomes little better than a common vagabond. It was the suggestion of something better beneath the ragged and reckless outside that was wanting in Mr. Salvini's interpretation. His scapegrace had an abundance of courage, vitality and dash—and a certain sort of picturesqueness,—but he was too much of the adventurer and too little of the gallant, and although he excited amusement by his humor and interest by his audacity, he did not provoke the deep sympathy which was always at the control of Charles Fechter in parts of this description. In the scenes with the King the absence of the true romantic style was particularly noticeable. Mr. Salvini, moreover, seems to be losing some of that power of delicate and illuminative by-play which was so marked and admirable a feature of some of his performances when he was in the stock company of A. M. Palmer, and to be seeking applause by those broader effects and more spasmodic efforts which are employed by inferior players. The explanation of this is perfectly simple. He is the star of a spectacular production, and almost the only actor of real capacity in the company. Consequently the burthen of the representation lies upon his shoulders, and he is compelled to furnish effects not only for himself, but for most of the other characters. Exaggeration—a little of which is permissible and indeed essential in romance—commands the applause of the unintelligent crowd, and to secure this he neglects the finer, more laborious, and less quickly appreciated details of his art.

His D'Artagnan is better than his Don Caesar, because the Gascon is frankly a fighting adventurer with very little of the poetic or sentimental quality in him. Nor is he the wreck of a once fine gentleman. To him the world is a veritable oyster which can be opened by the sword alone. To the interpretation of such a character as this little more is needed than a brusque audacity, an alert and pugnacious manner and unflagging earnestness, attributes

which Mr. Salvini provides in their fullest perfection. The sincerity and ardor with which he rushes through his miraculous adventures are infectious and in their way admirable, although it is difficult not to feel that he is doing something that is not quite worthy of him. One thing at least is certain, and that is that these old pieces can only be redeemed from utter absurdity by extremely good and spirited acting on the part of everybody concerned, whereas in the present instance Mr. Salvini has to supply all the illusion single-handed. That he very nearly succeeds in doing this is proof of his capacity and his energy, but it is possible to pay too high a price for temporary popularity. There can be no doubt that he has inherited a share—how large a share remains to be seen—of his father's genius, and he ought to be developing it in some better school than that in which he is at present.

Mr. Aldrich's "Mercedes"

THE PRODUCTION of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's two-act drama, or, as it might very properly be called, two-act tragedy, "Mercedes," in Palmer's Theatre, last Monday evening, was entirely successful, and there can be no reasonable doubt that it will continue to please large audiences for the two weeks that have been allotted to it. Although Mr. Aldrich owes a good deal to the experienced and liberal management of Mr. A. M. Palmer, his little piece has intrinsic merits of its own, which would ensure for it a favorable reception under all but the most unfavorable conditions. Most of the readers of *The Critic* know with what literary skill he has treated the imaginary episode of the Peninsular War which is the foundation of his story, but few of them, perhaps, suspected how effective it could be made in theatrical representation. Its want of comic relief, and of melodramatic ornamentation generally, will prevent it, perhaps, from being popular with the great mass of play-goers; but its simplicity and directness and the combined polish, naturalness and force of the dialogue cannot fail to commend it to persons of discrimination and good taste.

The dramatic form is as good as the literary, and the interest of the spectator is never permitted to flag. The talk of the two young officers, with all its clever contrast of character, in the dull glow of the bivouac fire, is a fitting and natural introduction to the gloomy sequel. There are several moments in the second act which are worthy of the genius of a great tragic actress—of such a woman, for instance, as Eleanora Duse. One of these, of course, is where Mercedes, distracted between love of life and country, hesitates for an instant before drinking the poisoned wine herself. Another is where she is unexpectedly confronted with the necessity of poisoning her own child; and yet a third is at the supreme crisis, in which, after a brief period of happy oblivion in the arms of her recovered lover, she suddenly awakes to the certainty that he and she are both at the very brink of death. All these are situations which demand rare powers of tragic interpretation on the part of the actress, and it cannot be said that Miss Julia Arthur is altogether able to supply them, but she does act with uncommon intelligence and sympathetic appreciation of the character, and with a personal charm which is peculiarly appropriate to it. Mr. E. J. Henley, too, is seen to advantage in the part of the girl's lover, which he plays with considerable emotion and praiseworthy discretion, but his performance is marred by the elocutionary faults which threaten to become chronic. Mr. Barrymore is entirely happy as the reckless and jovial lieutenant, and Mrs. Bowers, one of the most experienced of actresses, furnishes a vivid if rather conventional sketch of old Ursula. The two scenes which Mr. Palmer has provided are admirable in every way.

On the first night of the production the satisfaction of the audience was manifested in a very flattering manner, and the general opinion was expressed freely that Mr. Aldrich had furnished the stage with a genuine work of art, even if it were not sufficiently imposing in dimensions to be called a masterpiece. "Mercedes" is almost certain to be heard of again.

The Fine Arts

A New Edition of Symonds's Michelangelo

IN THE NOTES to the new edition of his "Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti," the late Mr. J. A. Symonds replies to some of his critics who have differed from him upon matters of opinion rather than of fact. He repeats his belief that the great sculptor always aimed at finish and did not, for instance, deliberately contrast a rough with a finished execution in his celebrated statues in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo in Florence. The unfinished state of the male figures known as Day and Twilight was due wholly to the interruptions which he encountered in his work. Mr. Symonds admits himself in error in not having alluded to the influence of Jacopo della Quercia upon Michelangelo, but insists, very properly, on his statement that the sculptor, beginning with close study of

the model (principally the male model, for he studied the nude female form very little), came, in time, to adopt an ideal system of proportions which he applied to his whole treatment of the human form. As to the meaning of the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, he thinks that neither Michelangelo nor the Pope departed from mediæval tradition, and he is one with the great majority of critics in believing that the youths, whom he calls "Genii," are introduced for decorative purposes only. Other notes deal with objections to his remarks on Michelangelo's architecture, and with Berni's tribute to the great artist in his Capitolo to Sebastiano del Piombo. The first edition of the work, from which the present varies only in these notes, was reviewed in *The Critic* of Dec. 10. (\$7.50. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Art Notes

A NUMBER of studies and sketches in oils of Arctic scenery on exhibition at Wunderlich's gallery are by Mr. Frank Wilbert Stokes, a member of the Peary Relief Expedition. Though most of them were hurriedly done, the color effects, peculiar to high northern latitudes, are extremely well-rendered. Greenish and iridescent masses of ice float in waters pink with reflected sunset or purple with approaching storm; or else they look, from a distance, like a huge cathedral with towers. A study of "An Aurora Borealis," a sketch of Verhoef Glacier in Robertson Bay, where the last traces of Verhoef were found, and a sunset view of Northumberland Island and Cape Cleveland near the point where the Peary encampment was found, Aug. 24, 1892, are interesting apart from their artistic merits; and all appear to faithfully reproduce the wonderful effects of color which are to be seen in Arctic lands and seas.

—The first of what promises to be a really useful series of articles on "British Etching," from the pen of Mr. Frederick Wedmore, appears in the *May Magazine of Art*. The artists considered are Turner, Wilkie, Geddes, Palmer and Whistler, and there are illustrations of the work of all of them except the first. Mr. M. H. Spielmann continues his account of Mr. Tate's collection of pictures, his article being accompanied by an excellent full-page wood-engraving of Mr. Waterhouse's "St. Eulalia's Crucifixion" and by one of Sir J. E. Millais's "Ophelia." Mr. W. Fred Dickes shows reason to believe that the "Portrait of a Poet," accredited to Jacopo Palma in the British National Gallery, is that of Prospero Colonna. In the series of pictures and sonnets of the months by Mr. W. E. F. Britten and Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, both poet and painter have done their best for April; but unluckily for Mr. Swinburne, in calling to mind that April is Shakespeare's month, he reminds us of Shakespeare's sonnet. "Our Illustrated Note-Book" has a portrait of the late John Pettie, R.A.

—Gov. Flower has just signed the bill appropriating \$250,000 for a Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Arch in New York City, the location not being designated. Let us hope that the new Municipal Art Society will have sufficient influence with the powers that be to prevent the commission for this important work from falling into the hands of any but our ablest architects and sculptors.

—The following compliment to an American artist, Mr. John La Farge, is translated from the Report of the International Jury of the Exposition of 1889 (Paris), Group III., page 179:—"His work could not be properly appreciated at the Champ de Mars, where one window only represented his name, the most widely celebrated in the sister Republic. He is the great innovator, the great inventor of opaline glass. He has created, alone, a new and hitherto unknown art, a new industry, and in a country devoid of traditions, he will leave one, followed by thousands of scholars who have for him the respect and veneration which we have at home for our masters. To join in this veneration is the highest praise which I can offer to this great artist."

—Mr. J. S. Hartley's statue of John Ericsson, the inventor, was unveiled in Battery Park in the morning of Wednesday, April 26, just before the American and foreign men-of-war that were to take part in the Columbian naval parade on the following day swept into the Hudson River from the Bay.

The Best Ten American Books

ON THE 27th of May, we shall print a list of the ten books named by our readers as the greatest yet produced in America, or by Americans.

The number chosen is an arbitrary one, but the same objection could be made to any other. It has the merit of being conveniently small, yet not too small to admit of a considerable variety in the character of the works selected. Many a reader will send in a list of ten titles who might hesitate to make up a longer one—and we want as many lists as we can get.

To the person from whom we shall receive, not later than May 13, the list most nearly identical with the one composed of the ten books receiving the greatest number of votes, we will send, prepaid,

any book or books the winner may select, whose aggregate price, at publishers' figures, shall not exceed \$10.

If several lists come equally close to the one published, the prize will be given to that which first reaches us.

The competitor's choice is not limited to any class of works; and, for convenience, the word "book" will be held to include any well-defined group of an author's writings. In the case of Lowell, for instance, the poems would count as one book, the literary essays and addresses as another, the political speeches and essays as a third.

Lists may be written on postal cards, but not with a pencil. If note-paper is used, write on one side of the sheet only, and put the words "Ten Best Books" on the envelope. Write plainly and clearly; and see that your list reaches us not later than May 13.

Notes

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, who has returned to Box-hill from Guildford, where he has been giving some more sittings to Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., has written a short story entitled "Lord Ormont and his Araminta," which will be published in *The Pall Mall Magazine*. Mr. Meredith has, we understand, nearly completed a novel called "The Amazing Marriage," which will be published in *Scribner's Magazine*. The rumor that Mr. J. M. Barrie has indefinitely postponed the writing of his serial story for *Scribner's* is, we believe, without foundation, for the novel is nearly if not quite completed. Mr. Barrie, by the way, has been invited to become a candidate for the chair of English Literature at the University of Aberdeen.

—"Marked 'Personal'" is the title of Anna Katharine Green's new book. It will be published on May 10 in Paris, London, Stuttgart, Milan, and in the Bohemian language here and in Prague. "The Leavenworth Case" had been published for years in Prague before the author heard of it. "Hand and Ring" and "Behind Closed Doors" have also been appropriated.

—The late J. A. Symonds's "Walt Whitman: a Study," is coming out in London from the press of John C. Nimmo. It is a small quarto, containing a portrait and four other illustrations. The brief preface was written on March 10 last. Mr. Symonds had recently been engaged on new editions of his "Studies of the Greek Poets" and "Introduction to the Study of Dante," the last sheets of which had been returned for press within the last few weeks. He seems to have taken special interest in the former, to which he had added a translation (the first complete one, he called it, in English) of the lately discovered fragments of Herondas. He had also added other renderings from the Greek poets.

—Mr. Francis H. Underwood's "Builders of American Literature" has made such progress that Vol. I., including authors born before 1825, is nearly ready, and Vol. II., including later writers, will probably appear within a year.

—The Century Co. will show in their exhibit at Chicago a great number of original manuscripts and drawings for illustrations in *The Century* and *St. Nicholas*. Manuscript by Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier and Bryant will appear in the *St. Nicholas* exhibit, with that of the first chapter of Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and original stories by other well-known writers. The originals of famous letters and documents quoted in Nicolay and Hay's "Life of Lincoln" will also be shown.

—The eighty-seventh volume of *Harper's Magazine* will begin with the June number. A Conan Doyle's historical tale, "The Refugees," will end in June, when William Black's serial, "The Handsome Humes," will be begun. This novel will be illustrated by William Small. Richard Harding Davis has prepared for the magazine a series of papers on English life which will appear during the summer and autumn, with illustrations by English artists. The first paper, "Three English Race Meetings," descriptive of Ascot, Henley and the Derby, will appear in July.

—Mr. John Drew has written for *Scribner's* a paper entitled "The Actor," which gives the human and social side of theatrical life, and is to be one of the series on men's occupations opened by Mr. Howells in "The Country Printer," in the May number. Mr. Aldrich has been writing for the same magazine a short story which he calls "Her Dying Words."

—Mr. Hall Caine has written an article on the Russian Jew question for an early number of *The Pall Mall Magazine*.

—The British Museum has just acquired the interesting volume of Keats's autographs which was discovered in Melbourne about two years ago, and described in a letter, published in *The Athenæum* of 23 Aug., 1891, by its then owner, Prof. Jenks. Its autograph contents consist of an early draft of "Isabella," including two stanzas subsequently erased, and what is, apparently, the absolutely first draft, full of erasures and corrections, of "The Eve of St. Mark." A number of other poems are copied in a lady's hand.

apparently that of the poet's sister-in-law, Mrs. George Keats. On the fly-leaf is written the name of George Keats, with the date 1820, showing that the book was his property, having probably been given him by his brother on the occasion of his brief visit to England in the spring of that year.

—The Philadelphia *Record* says:—"Walt Whitman's brain, which was removed at the post-mortem examination made the day after his death, was preserved, and now the Anthropometric Society is going to subject it to a minute examination. This society was formed several years ago to study the peculiarities of the cerebral development of prominent men, but has as yet instituted no comparisons from which any interesting data might be obtained. Whitman's will be the first to be examined."

—Signora Duse was too ill to appear at the Fifth Avenue Theatre this week, when she was to have made her farewell bow to the American public for this her first season. She promises herself—and us—the pleasure of seeing her again "some day," and we trust the day will not be a distant one. Signora Duse sailed on the Teutonic on Wednesday; as did also Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin.

—M. Paderewski has been heard at the World's Fair, after all, his Steinway piano having been admitted by a suspension of the rules prohibiting the use of the pianos of non-exhibitors. The distinguished pianist's last appearance in New York occurs on Friday of this week (May 5) in a performance at Palmer's Theatre for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. Mr. Paderewski sails on the Paris to-day.

—Columbia College continues to strengthen its teaching staff by calling first-rate men from other institutions. The latest accessions are Prof. Todd to the new chair of Romance Philosophy and Prof. George R. Carpenter to the new chair of English Composition. Mr. Carpenter held one of the travelling fellowships of Harvard after his graduation (1886-8), and was afterwards Instructor in English there. Two years ago he went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as Associate Professor of English. Now he comes to Columbia to take charge of that branch of the English work which has to do with the training of the students in the use of their mother-tongue. Prof. Carpenter has paid special attention to comparative literature, and is the Secretary of the Dante Society. His literary productions include "The Episode of the Donna Pietosa" and "Documents concerning Dante's Public Life," in the Annual Reports of the Dante Society, and "Exercises in Rhetoric and English composition" (1891). He has also edited C. S. Latham's translation of Dante's Eleven Letters (1891) and H. I. Strang's "Exercises in English" (1893).

—Apropos of the paragraph, at the head of the "Notes" in last week's *Critic*, in which the Chicago *Dial* expressed the hope that the Renan library would go West and we as fervent a wish that it would not cross the Hudson, the following extract from a recent letter of the Hon. Andrew D. White, our Minister to Russia, may be given:—"As regards the Renan library, I have already written to Mr. Adolph Suto of San Francisco, who is rapidly accumulating one of the great public libraries of the world, and am hoping that he may move in the matter." So it may be that this famous collection will not only cross the Hudson, but pass right through Chicago without stopping.

—Gov. Flower has signed the bill authorizing the removal of the New York City Hall from City Hall Park to the site of the 42d Street Reservoir, and its consignment to the Tilden Library Trustees. If the Hall has to "go," it could not go to a better site nor be devoted to a better purpose.

—Mr. Theodore Watts pronounces the catalogue of the Rowfant library (Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson's) the best bibliography of Tennyson in existence.

—*Public Opinion*, which is published in Washington, has issued an albertype "souvenir" giving the portraits of sixty newspaper correspondents at the Capital. It is as good a piece of work as its predecessors, giving the portraits of leading editors.

—Gustave Nadaud, the musician and balladist, who died in Paris on April 26, was born in Roubaix, Department of the Nord, in February, 1820. He forsook trade early in life, and in 1849 published a collection of his songs. He was one of the most productive and pleasing of French ballad-writers.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press "The Wilderness Hunter," by Theodore Roosevelt; "A Study of the Jews in Mediæval England," by Joseph Jacobs; the second part of Prof. W. J. Ashley's "Introduction to English Economic Science," carrying the narrative from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century; "Lorenzo de' Medici," an historical study, by Edith Carpenter; "A History of Pottery and Porcelain in the United States," by Edwin A. Barber, with many illustrations; "Princeton Sketches: The Story of Nassau Hall," by George R. Wallace; "The Shrubs of Northeastern

America," by Prof. Charles S. Newall; "Chinese Nights Entertainments," by Adele M. Fielde; "In Amazon Land," selections and adaptations from Brazilian writers, by Martha F. Desselberg; and "The Monism of Man." But for the index, the final volume of Mr. Worthington C. Ford's edition of the Writings of Washington is ready.

—The eighteenth session of the Sauveur College of Languages will be held at Rockford College, Rockford, Ill., commencing on July 3, and continuing for six weeks. Students will be within easy reach of the World's Fair.

—*Book Reviews* is the title of a neat little 36-page monthly devoted to notices, notes and advertisements of the publications of Macmillan & Co. Vol. I., No. 1, is dated May, 1893.

—A new publishing firm just formed in London, McClure & Co., consists of Mr. Robert McClure, brother of Mr. S. S. McClure of this city, and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, the humorist.

—G. W. S. cables thus to the *Tribune*:—"Mr. Balfour's brief speech on Literature at the Royal Literary Fund Dinner on Wednesday [April 26] has started a discussion on the position and prospects of literature. The discussion is less fresh than the speech. Mr. Balfour speaks as one who desired to break with the traditions of the Victorian epoch. He does not disparage the greatness of its greatest writers, but he points to the generation preceding his own as the one which felt their influence most strongly. Inasmuch, however, as they have no successors, the younger intelligence of the present day must go somewhere for inspiration, or somewhere for models. Mr. Balfour's refuge is the eighteenth century. He is, of course, attacked for venturing to question the supremacy of the second-rate poets and third-rate novelists of to-day. One of them says that the complaint has been heard during every period. Another insists that only posterity can judge fairly, the usual consolation of those whose merits their contemporaries fail to recognize. But the public, in spite of its morbid interest in mere novelty, silently agrees with Mr. Balfour."

Publications Received

[RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

- Addams, J., and others. Philanthropy and Social Progress. \$1.50. T. Y. Crowell & Co.
- Aldrich, A. M. The Travels of Three Insects. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.
- Barine, A. Bernardin de St. Pierre. Tr. by J. E. Gordon. \$1. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
- Benedict, E. L. Pieces to Speak. 30c. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- Blakie, W. G. The Book of Joshua. Ed. by W. R. Nicoll. \$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son.
- Norrow, G. Lavengro. Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co.
- Brinton, D. G. The Pursuit of Happiness. \$1. Phila.: David McKay.
- Burnham, C. L. Dr. Latimer. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Chastrian, E. Histoire d'un Paysan. Ed. by W. S. Lyon. 35c. D. C. Heath & Co.
- Chaucer. The House of Fame. Ed. by W. W. Skeat. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.
- Clarke, H. H. Spanish Literature. \$1.60. Macmillan & Co.
- Collingwood, W. G. Life and Work of John Ruskin. 2 vols. \$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Cowper, W. Best Letters of. Ed. by A. B. McMahon. \$1. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
- Cross, A. K. Drawing in the Public Schools. \$1. Boston: A. K. Cross.
- Crozes, J. G. Principles of History. Tr. by E. B. Andrews. \$1. Ginn & Co.
- Elliott, S. H. John Peet. \$1.25. H. Holt & Co.
- Franchillon, R. E. Gods and Heroes. 60c. Ginn & Co.
- Gesard, E. The Voice of a Flower. D. Appleton & Co.
- Groat, W. H. A Study of the Book of Books. 30c. Hunt & Eaton.
- Harte, B. Sally Dows, and Other Stories. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Hoppin, E. H. From Out of the Past. \$1. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Hovey, E. Seaward. \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
- Hudson, T. J. The Law of Psychic Phenomena. \$1.10. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
- Jerrild, W. W. E. Gladstone. 75c. F. H. Revell Co.
- Kilbon, G. B. Elementary Woodwork. 75c. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- Kinley, D. Independent Treasury of the United States. Ed. by R. T. Ely. T. Y. Crowell & Co.
- MacKellar, T. Hymns and Metrical Psalms. Phila.: Porter & Coates.
- Moffatt's Geography of Asia. Ed. by T. Page. London: McElt & Paige.
- Optic, O. Strange Sights Abroad. \$1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- Phelps, E. S. Donald Marcy. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Phillips, M. Abroad and at Home. Brentano's.
- Porter, M. H. Eliza Chappell Porter. \$1.75. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
- Rimmer, C. H. Figure Drawing for Children. \$1.25. F. H. Revell Co.
- Sarcey, F. Le Piano de Jeanne and Qui Perd Gagne. Ed. by E. H. Magill. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
- Sheppard, E. Counterparts. 3 vols. \$2.50. Phila.: C. Sower Co.
- Stevenson, F. S. Historic Personality. \$1.25. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
- Travers, G. Mons Maclean. Macmillan & Co.
- Trollope, A. Can You Forgive Her? 3 vols. \$3.75. D. Appleton & Co.
- Tuckerman, B. Peter Stuyvesant. \$1. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Underwood, F. H. The Poet and the Man. \$1. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Wagner, C. Youth. Tr. by E. Redwood. \$1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- Warden, F. Grave Lady Jane. 30c. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Wiggin, K. D. A Cathedral Courtyard. \$1. J. A. Taylor & Co.
- Year-Book of Science, 1893. The. Ed. by T. G. Bonney. \$1.75. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Zangwill, I. "Merely Mary Ann." 30c. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- R. Tuck & Sons

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